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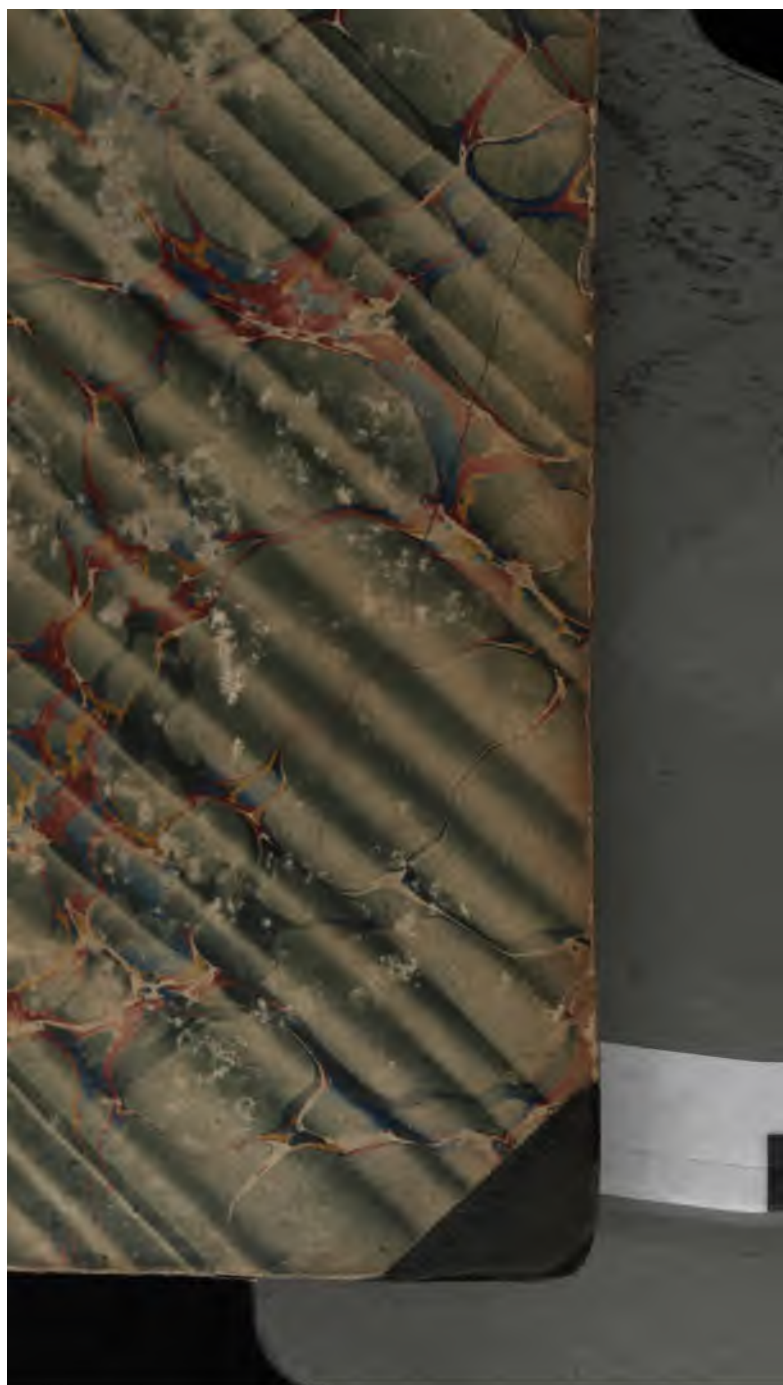
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Dr B Hodge

1868.





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Wallace, Robert Granville

**FORTY YEARS IN THE WORLD;**

OR,

*Roll* - SKETCHES AND TALES *Partly*

OF

**A Soldier's Life.**

BY

THE AUTHOR OF

"FIFTEEN YEARS IN INDIA," "MEMOIRS OF INDIA,"

&c. &c. &c.

---

"I have song of war for Knight,  
Lay of love for Lady bright."

SCOTT.

---

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

---

SECOND EDITION.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR GEO. B. WHITTAKER,  
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1825.

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TO  
**ROSS THOMPSON, Esq.**

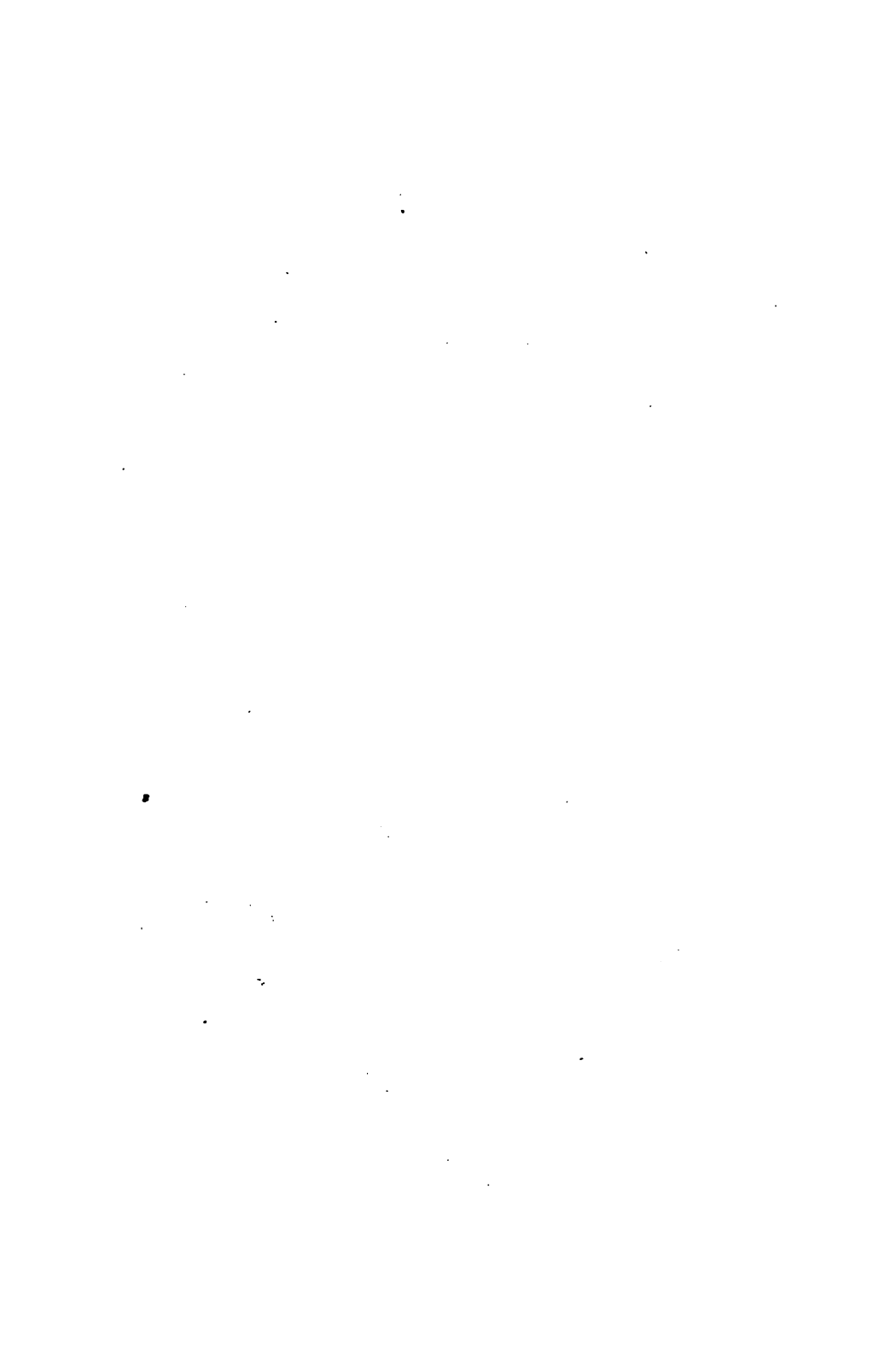
OF  
**GREENWOOD PARK, NEAR NEWRY;**

**AS A SMALL BUT SINCERE TOKEN**  
OF  
**ESTEEM FOR HIS WORTH, GRATITUDE FOR HIS FRIENDSHIP,**

**AND**  
**AFFECTION FOR HIS AMIABLE FAMILY,**

**THIS PRODUCTION**  
**IS INSCRIBED,**  
**WITH THE GREATEST RESPECT,**

**BY THE AUTHOR.**



## INTRODUCTION.

---

THE Author of "Fifteen Years in India" is very grateful to the Public for the reception which that work has experienced. He would have acknowledged his deep sense of British liberality, in the preface to his *Memoirs of India*; but it was not his intention so soon to claim his anonymous production: his publishers, however, having announced him in its title-page, by name, as the writer of "Fifteen Years in India," he avails himself of this first opportunity.

A rap at my door interrupted me. "My dear Charles," exclaimed I, "how rejoiced I am to see you! I have commenced another volume. Your judgment guided me in my first attempt; it was very successful, and I am, therefore, disposed to prefer your opinion to my own. What do you

think of the probable success of this?" and I handed him my manuscript.

The reader will perhaps recollect, or at least he should be told, that my friend, Charles Thoughtless, had given me such advice respecting the composition of my "Fifteen Years in India," that the whole impression was circulated in a month. I, therefore, watched very earnestly the turn of his countenance, and waited anxiously for the sound of his voice.

"Believe me," said he, at length, "I think your conception a good one; but it requires a long time to mature a treatise on the art of meditation, and you propose publishing next winter. Such an embryo will not be fit for the public eye in less time than three years. Hurry of composition is incompatible with felicity of thought and elegance of style. Recollect the precept of Horace,

*Sæpe stylum vertas, iterum quæ digna legi sint*

*Scripturus :*

Sat. 10, Lib. 1.

Many corrections are necessary in approaching

even mediocrity as an author. The diamond in the mine has to be cleaned and polished; so has every gem found in human intellect, before its beauty fully appears. Like the brilliant set in gold, so is good sense in appropriate phrase."

He paused. I was mute; but my countenance said, "Your words, Charles, are pregnant with truth and justness."

"My advice is this," continued he; "attempt an amusing narrative-work, from the various eye and ear sketches, which our portfolios contain. Being in the fortieth year of our age, such a collection might be appositely entitled 'Forty Years in the World;' for it will comprize many of our observations on men and things; but I leave you at liberty to give the bantling whatever name you please."

Thus, reader, you have the history of this book; and in submitting it to your perusal, I sincerely and earnestly hope it will afford you delight and profit. I beg to remark, that those who have been pleased with *Sketches of a Soldier's Life*, in



"Fifteen Years in India," will find in this work a continuation of those papers: for it describes such incidents in the life of my friend as are not recorded in the former; completing an actual Sketch of the Life of a Soldier, a friendless adventurer, who had to struggle with many and great difficulties.

To public judgment it is now submitted, with fear and hope; and should it be pronounced worthy of Virtue and Christianity, the most sincere pleasure will be felt by its author. The wisdom, candour, forbearance, charity, obedience, and humility, which should dignify age, and ornament youth, I have recommended; for,

"It seems it is as proper to our age  
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,  
As it is common for the younger sort  
To lack discretion."

SHAKESPEARE.

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# FORTY YEARS IN THE WORLD;

OR,

*Sketches and Tales,*

&c. &c.

---

N<sup>o</sup>. I.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

---

Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,  
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

GOLDSMITH.

WHEN I was about five years old, I lost my mother. She was the only child of Captain Whitehead, an English officer serving in the army in Ireland, who died soon after her birth, leaving his widow and infant in Dublin, on the pension of his rank.

Mrs. Whitehead, who was a native of Dublin, educated her daughter carefully; and my father, a young attorney, fell in love with and married

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her, without considering how he should support a family. He, however, soon after entered into a co-partnership, which introduced him to a considerable share of practice; and, when reason began to dawn upon me, I found myself well attended. Alas! when fortune seemed to smile on all his undertakings, he lost, by a violent attack of fever, his beloved Emily. I was too young to feel the greatest deprivation a child can experience; but my father was so much affected by this calamity, that he gave himself up to despair. His partner in business was an extravagant man; and the firm, deprived of proper superintendence, soon became deeply embarrassed.

In this posture of his affairs, my father removed from Dublin to Newry, leaving Mrs. Whitehead and her sister, an old maiden lady, to set up their own establishment, and placed me under the care of his mother, who lived five miles from that town: I was then about six years

age. My grandfather, a very tall, thin old man, was a respectable country gentleman, who had ed his fortune by giving his children an education. The good lady, his wife, to

whose care I was consigned, was, in appearance and temper, the very reverse of her husband. He was as crabbed a grandfather as ever a mischievous imp of a grandson came near: yet, for thirty years, they had lived happily together; and I mention this circumstance for the benefit of those numerous pairs who are contrasts.

My mother had taught me the first principles of letters. As my grandfather's circumstances did not permit him to bestow great cost on my education, I was placed at a day-school in the neighbourhood, where, in the course of time, I learned the rudiments of writing and arithmetic. Our master could not make me acquainted with the principles of grammar, because he did not understand them himself. Yet, imperfect as this education was, it gave me great advantages in the world over those who had received none; therefore, I reject the maxim of the poet, that

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

At length, my grandfather died, full of years, and left his landed property to his two sons. My father had now a prospect of retrieving his affairs, and entered again into the married state; but as

my stepmother's fortune, and my father's inheritance, were swallowed up by the creditors of the late firm, he ultimately sank under the pressure of debt; and, leaving his wife and her only daughter with his father-in-law, whilst I, much to my satisfaction, returned to my grandmother, he crossed the Atlantic, to seek fortune in America.

I was, at this melancholy period, about eleven years old: yet, really, I did not feel it a melancholy time; for I had taken a hearty dislike to my stepmother. She was a wealthy farmer's daughter; a black-haired, heavy eye-browed, good-looking woman; but I thought she always wore an ugly scowl when her eye rested on me. It is nearly superhuman to love those who hate us: perhaps, if I had loved her, she would have repaid me with affection. Stepmothers are generally blamed: but, is it not quite natural for them to love their own children best? Stepsons make no allowances, and they often create maternal hatred, by cherishing unfavourable feelings themselves. Surely, if it be true, that love, like friendship, holds no "cold medium," the woman who really loves the man she marries, must find her

heart predisposed to love whatever is dear to him! I gave my grandmother, however, full credit for treating me with perfect affection; I was her pet: she regarded me as all that was left of an unfortunate son. With this dear old lady I might have remained, had I not possessed a restless mind. Providence has placed a peculiarly roving disposition in some hearts. My imagination conjured up ten thousand pictures of the future; and, like Wortley Montague, I panted for adventure.

It cost me, however, many a tear, to think of leaving the dear old lady, whose tenderness had completely won the affections of my heart; but I was now in the fifteenth year of my age, and I often reflected upon my dependent situation. The narrow circumstances of my grandmother and her son, who managed her concerns, I well knew: indeed, he had sometimes hurt my pride, by throwing out hints that I was a burthen on him, and that my father's folly had ruined his family; yet, I owe him the justice to say that he was, in general, an affectionate uncle; though,



like his father, a tall, thin, passionate man; and, when angry, he used both his words and hands without respecting thought. He considered me, very justly I believe, a useless sort of a genius. These circumstances had entered deeply into my mind. I had read the adventures of Captain Robert Boyle, and I longed to imitate him. My lively imagination painted the joy with which my return would be hailed: I was full of my project. —In my reveries, I often laughed and wept aloud, unmindful of being an object of observation. Indeed, my grandmother at length discovered the state of my mind, by questioning me closely respecting the cause of my tears. I represented that I wept at the thoughts of leaving her; having determined to go and push my fortune, and be no longer a trouble to her in old age, when she had far from enough to make her comfortable. “I shall soon return,” said I, kissing her, “with plenty to cheer you.” She shed tears on my face, and, embracing me, said, “My darling, He who provides a parent for the cuckoo’s forsaken egg, will take care of you. We have plenty,

God's holy name be praised. It is not great wealth, but an humble and contented heart, which gives happiness in this world."

A whipping, which I received from my uncle a short time after, overturned all my grandmother's wise admonitions. I determined never to receive another like it from the same hand; and that very night, with a wallet, containing my little wardrobe, and a flute, upon which I had learned to make a noise, I sallied forth on the road to Dublin.

Many a tear trickled down my cheek, as I looked back on the peaceful thatched roof, shaded with trees, beneath which my grandmother slept: the moon stood in silvery beauty over it. Now that I was going to leave it, many a charm arose to my view which I had not before observed. An indescribable melancholy took possession of my soul; but I slowly removed from the scene. Alas! there is much selfishness even in our sorrows: I did not see the tears, through my own, that would jewel my poor grandmother's eyes, when she could no longer behold her favourite;

nor was I then conscious of the thought which Barton has most beautifully expressed :—

No more shall the accents, whose tones were more dear  
Than the sweetest of sounds even music can make,  
In notes full of tenderness, fall on my ear ;  
If I catch them in dreams, all is still when I wake !

Most dear old lady ! it was not my lot to see thee again, but in dreams ; yet my heart has often felt thy spirit watching me ; for well I know thy love for me was a mother's love ! Nay, it went beyond—it had all the fondness of dotage.

He who takes a long farewell of his home, suffers all the regrets of an exile ; and, when he returns to it after long absence, he has much grief in store. How this thought should bind one to the scenes of boyhood ! I had to pass Kitty's door ; she was the rose-bud of early hope to me ; and I thought all about her that a boy could think. "Thou art asleep, Kitty, or, perhaps, thinking of me," said I, as I bent over the gate, looking at her window ; "may angels hover round thy bed ! If it be our lot never to meet again, may happiness be thine, whatever becomes of

me!" I had also to pass the school of Magheranahaly, and its play-ground; the scene of many a merry gambol. They were sleeping delightfully in the moonlight; but my imagination enlivened them with all the associations of memory. Farewell! said I, as I dropped a tear over the spot which was often afterwards to rise the morning-star of my anxious thoughts; and forward I pursued my course.

Early next morning I reached Dundalk, through the mountains of Jonesborough; and, taking a seat on the top of the Newry Fly, I arrived, that evening, in the city which had given me birth. My pocket not being heavy in cash, I lost no time in inquiring my way to my father's former residence; and, rapping at the door, made no doubt of seeing my grandmother and aunt in raptures at my arrival: but what was my surprise, when I was informed that no such persons resided in that neighbourhood! I traversed all the streets adjoining, stopping people whom I met, and knocking at doors, to inquire for Mrs. Whitehead, but all in vain. Some diverted themselves with my confusion; others wrongly

directed me; and, at last, a wag sent me to Bolton-street, saying,—“I know Mrs. Whitehead well.” On arriving there, I found a *white-head* indeed, but it was the head of an old woman, that father Time had silvered. She kept a little shop, and a smile played on her face when she discovered how I had been used. “They have been making merry,” said Mrs. M’Grah, “at your expense and mine; but, perhaps, you could not have been directed better. I know a Mrs. Whitehead, whose daughter was married to a lawyer.”

“The very one I am in search of,” answered I: “how fortunate! I am her grandson!”

From Mrs. M’Grah I learned, that, after my father’s misfortunes, my grandmother had removed with her sister to Temple-bar; having married Mr. Hughes, who kept a grocer’s shop there. He soon died; and, as his widow had lost her pension, as Captain Whitehead’s relict, by changing her name, she was under the necessity of continuing the business of her late husband.

Next morning, very early, I rapped at Mrs. Hughes’s door for admission. “It is too early

to open shop," said one of her neighbours; "if you want any thing, go up that passage, and knock at the first door." I did so, and, at last, heard a voice interrogating, in a tone familiar to my memory :—"Who is that? What do you want so early?"—"Oh!" said I, "it is your grandson, come all the way from the north to see you." The door opened. "Come in," said my grandmother; "I am glad to see you;" and, shutting the door, she held me at arm's length towards the window, to identify me, before she gave the welcome hug. "Peggy," said she, "it is certainly our little pet; but much altered for the worse."—"Mercy upon us!" cried my aunt, coming with a cough from her bed half dressed, "can this be he? Oh! it is!" and she nearly suffocated me with kisses, not of the most savoury description.

I had very little recollection of these two personages, and I looked at both of them with keen eyes. My grandmother's visage was a fine sharp one, with the traces of beauty still lingering upon it. Her sister Peggy was an asthmatic subject, with a shrivelled-up, sour face, like parchment.

"With whom did you come to town?" said my

grandmother, "where do you lodge? and how long are you to remain here?"—"I came alone," answered I, "to push my fortune." I thought my intelligence would have pleased them; but it threw my aunt into a violent fit of coughing, and lengthened my grandmother's face prodigiously. In short, I saw several looks of dissatisfaction pass between the ladies; and, indeed, they soon intimated to me that it was with difficulty they supported themselves: I saw that their circumstances were not very flourishing. They drew upon their slender means, however, gave me a city-like appearance, and employed me in keeping the shop-book, and carrying cash, for orders, to the warehouses; but, not finding me very expert, they made an attempt to transfer me to their brother, who had a brewery in Dublin.

I accordingly waited upon Mr. Percival with a letter of introduction; and, having been admitted into his splendid mansion, delivered my credentials into his own hands. He made me known to his family as a relation; and I was entertained so much to my satisfaction, that I did not fail to return frequently: but, one day, as the dinner-hour was approaching, I was informed

that Counsellor Curran was to dine there, and so I was requested to go home. This I considered so unhandsome, that I determined never more to enter the brewer's doors, and accordingly protested as much to my grandmother; who, finding her hopes blasted in that quarter, pressed me to return to the country, and, upon my refusal, threatened to write to my uncle immediately. Fearful of this, I found it necessary to push my fortune elsewhere, and left my grandmother's house for that purpose.

My intention was to go to sea, in imitation of Captain Robert Boyle; and, after a long search, I discovered that the captain of the *Hannah*, a sloop, belonging to Liverpool, wanted a lad who could write a fair hand and state an account: he liked my appearance, and invited me on board. I informed my grandmother, with a merry heart, that I was ready to leave her; and, as she thought I had made up my mind to return to the country, I received her praises, and a guinea to bear my expenses.

The crew on board the *Hannah* consisted of four men and a boy, besides me. They lived

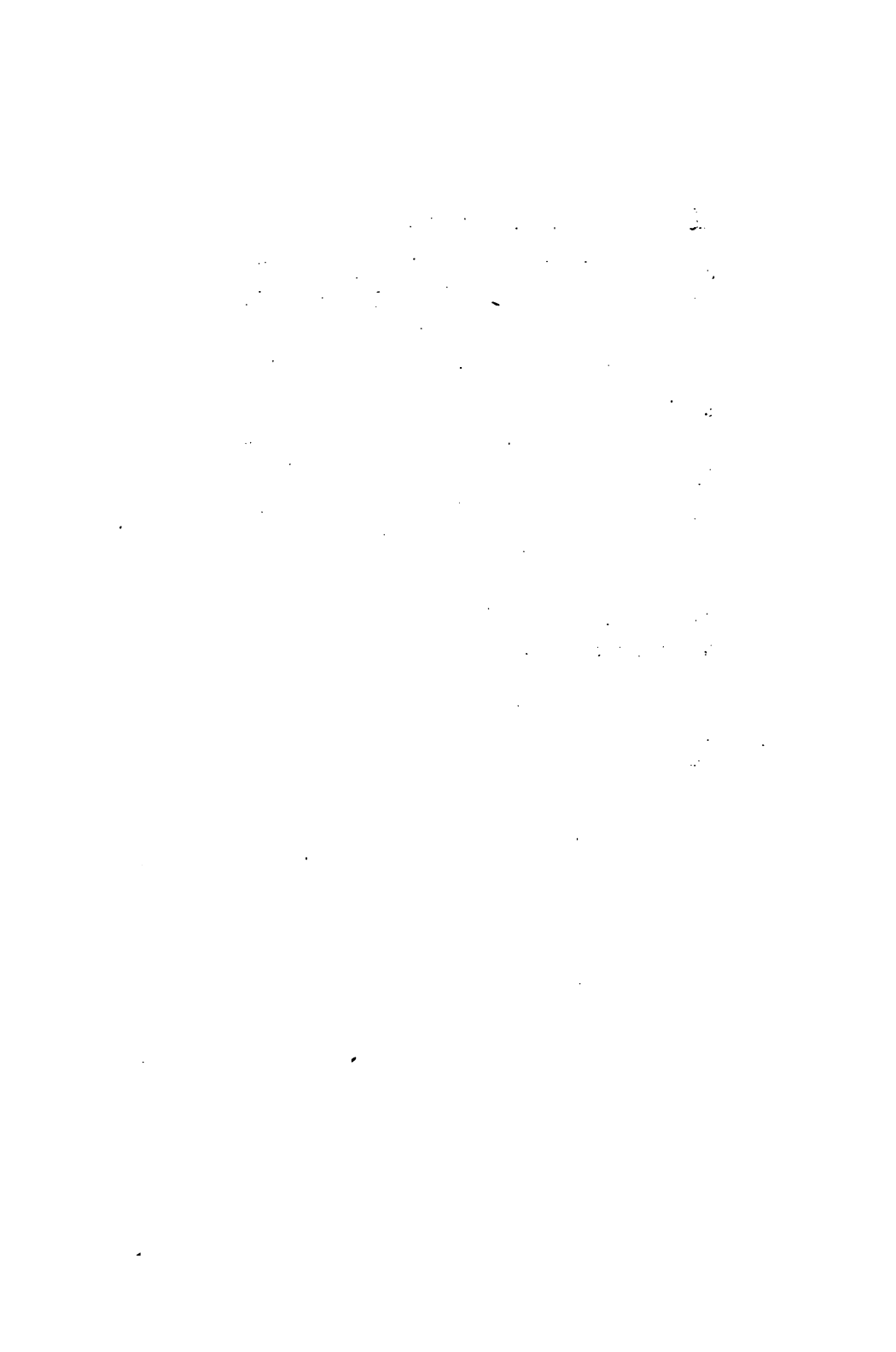


well; and the captain gave me a berth in the cabin. But I soon found a most dangerous enemy in the other boy, Tom, who became exceedingly jealous, thinking I had supplanted him; for he considered himself sufficiently qualified to keep the captain's books, though he could scarcely write a legible word, and had, in fact, officiated as clerk heretofore, being by far a better scribe than his commander. This blade wished to have me out of his way, and he soon succeeded. It happened thus:—

As soon as my messmates discovered that I had a guinea, they insisted on being treated, according to custom; and Tom was despatched for a can of whiskey, with which, out of seeming love, he plied me so violently, that I became as drunk as any toper, and was carried to bed. When the captain came on board, Tom seized a favourable moment, and pointed me out to him; with an insinuation that, young as I was, I could take a drop in style. Next morning I was thirsty; and, going to get some water, I found a tin pot on the cabin-table, nearly full, as I thought, of that most precious beverage; but, just

as I was putting it to my parched lips, I felt myself seized by the throat, and heard Tom exclaiming—"What! you thief! will nought but our master's gin serve thee?" Nothing I could say availed; I and my wallet were sent adrift.

Ah! thought I, when wandering about, friendless, and almost in despair, it was easy and pleasant for me, under my kind grandmother's roof in the country, to think of pushing my fortune; but I now find the truth of all she told me. God forgive me, disobedient wretch that I am! What will become of me!



Nº. II.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

---

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,  
And, Charley, dear, believe me,  
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,  
And muckle they may grieve ye.

BURNS.

To my grandmother I could not return: shame, pride, and fear, prevented my thoughts from travelling northward. My perplexity was, no doubt, strongly painted on my countenance, for I attracted the attention of a recruiting corporal, who persuaded me to try my fortune in his Majesty's service. I was taken by him to Captain Olpherts, and soon qualified for a red coat.

I was deeply affected by the dignified appearance and generous conduct of the captain. He represented to me the rash step I was about to

take, and advised me to reflect well, before I bound myself to a course of life which might occasion great uneasiness to my friends; "for," said he, "I suspect you have run away from your parents. Think of their anguish, and return: I will give you wherewith to bear your expenses, or support you here, till we apprize them of your situation." However, when I represented my forlorn state, he agreed that I had as good a chance in the army, as in any other course of life.

What a lively impression benevolent conduct makes on the heart of man! Captain Olpherts was blown up by the explosion of a mine, together with a great part of the grenadier company of the 59th regiment, at Fort Cornelius, on the island of Java, when it was taken in 1811. Fourteen years have rolled away since that period, and more than two-and-twenty have passed down the stream of time since I received many kind attentions from him and his lovely lady, in Dublin; yet a tear often starts to my eye when I remember his anxious wish to serve a friendless boy, such as I then was.

Dear to my heart, yet full of pain,  
Is every thought I turn to thee ;  
While Memory can look back, my brain  
Will picture oft thy form to me.

No tardy torments rack'd thy frame !  
Urg'd forward by thy noble soul,  
Thou rush'd'st along the road to fame,  
And Valour saw thee reach the goal.

Proud Victory claimed thee as her child ;  
Thou heard'st applauses rend the skies ;  
And on the wings of thunder wild,  
Thy comrades viewed thy spirit rise.

Our party of recruits were in *dépôt* on Roger-son's Quay, and a serjeant, fairly nick-named Takeall, was appointed to escort us to the Isle of Wight. He supplied us with necessaries, and pocketed as much of our bounty and pay as he could ; turning our credulity and inexperience to his own good account, and that of his bustling wife, who furnished us with tea and other refreshments.

Serjeant Takeall was a middle-aged personage, whose keen and penetrating eyes expressed a cunning, sarcastic intelligence, and said to the beholder, if an inferior—"I think nothing of

you;" if a superior—"I am your most humble servant." His wife had, as is often seen, the same expression of countenance as her husband, though her features were different; but her tongue was equal to his in powerful shrillness, and her eye, when inflamed with anger or the desire of gain, shot living fire.

At length the morning of our departure arrived, and I cheered my companions, in our march to the Pigeon-House, with "Fare thee well, Killeavy," on my flute. Takeall was flourishing his cane on the pivot; his wife was on the reverse with all her baggage. Full of hope, life, and whiskey, our party embarked on board a packet for Parkgate. Many a melancholy idea rose in my mind when I looked back on the shore of my native land; but hope converted retrospection into the joy of grief. Our accommodations on board were not of the most pleasing description, for a great part of the deck was occupied by carriages, while their horses were in the space below which belonged to us.

Our party consisted of fifty wild Irish blades; and, while they were disputing about room, the

packet was cleaving the silvery waves of Dublin Bay. Her reeling motion soon communicated unsteadiness to us land's-men; but night spread darkness over the scene. Next morning the billows were making foamy dashes over the side of the vessel. During the night a gale had arisen, fearfully heavy; and the captain, at his helm, with all sails close-reefed, was exerting his utmost skill to keep the course: such, however, was the storm; that, with bare poles, at last, he was forced to fly before it; and in the afternoon, when the fury of the wind abated, we again saw the Hill of Howth. Fortunately, a favourable change enabled us to scud back at a flying rate.

By this time our lads had pretty well recovered from sea-sickness. Many of them came on deck, clamorously calling on the serjeant for breakfast. He had kept a proportion of pay from each man, under the pretence of laying in sea-stock; but he depended entirely upon the packet for our provisions, and the captain did not very readily meet his requisition. We were at length furnished with an enormous dish of lobscouse, prepared by the sailors, and set on the forecastle in a



boiling state. As we had not been supplied with spoons, few of us had any; and such was the eagerness of many to partake of the tempting dish, that hands were substituted for that utensil which cooking has rendered necessary. I was ashamed to be seen in the scramble, and stood aloof, amusing myself, like the cabin-passengers, in laughing at some of the lovers of lobsouse, whose wry faces and bent bodies, running away from the pot, announced that burning fingers rewarded their hot attack.

My curiosity was kept so completely on the alert by all I saw and heard, that neither sickness nor hunger troubled me much. I gazed in astonishment on the wonders of the deep; for I had never been at sea before, and a thousand new ideas arose in my mind respecting the sublime power of God, and the ingenuity of man, to which I had before been an utter stranger. It is true, I had often stood motionless and mute, in fixed contemplation of the ocean and the sky, in their calm, blue beauty, as well as when rage distorted their composure; but it is impossible to feel the indescribable awfulness of a storm at sea, without

being in it, and a partaker of all the associations of terror which it excites.

We marched through Chester, Wrexham, Ellsmore, Shrewsbury, Bridgenorth, Kidderminster, Worcester, Tewkesbury, Cheltenham, Cirencester, Swindon, Marlborough, Everly, Andover, Winchester, and Southampton. In many of these towns we had battles and blood; every recruit had a shelalah. These terrible weapons they flourished round their heads, made giddy at public-houses as they passed, in the most furious manner, challenging whomsoever they met, nay whole cities, nay all England, to meet in single combat. The courageous young men turned out most readily to fight. I, who had seen but little of such work, was amazed. By the time we reached Shrewsbury, Takeall was astonished, and put in bodily fear. He found it expedient, in that city, to report his party in a state of mutiny. A guard of cavalry was granted to support him in authority. I was the only one considered by him obedient to military discipline. I had crept into his good graces by making out his returns and reports, for he could merely show that he knew

how to write, by a curious flourish on a sort of pivot, that he called his name. All the others were disarmed, and marched by the troopers, with drawn swords, from Shrewsbury to Bridgenorth, where by due submission and a promise that no more shelalahs were to be carried, the serjeant again took them into favour. After this, we proceeded with little to call forth observation; passed over in the ferry-boat from Southampton to Cowes, and soon found ourselves in the army *dépôt*.

What gratitude swells my heart when I reflect on the goodness of God, in giving me a disposition so different from those companions amongst whom fortune had thrown me! If I had been pleased with their amusements or manners, I should have been lost; but I felt only disgust for them, and this feeling prevented me from falling into their vices. Instead of joining in their drinking and gaming, after our daily marches, I used to delight in wandering through the church-yards and reading the inscriptions on the tombs; in admiring the striking objects of art and nature which presented themselves

to my eye; and in moralizing upon the characters, countenances, manners, and customs of the Welch and English people. The neatness of their houses, their cleanliness, industry, and steadiness appeared to me in pleasing forms, and made a most favourable and lasting impression on my understanding.

The peasantry of England are a noble, brave, generous, and hospitable people. Prejudiced as they were against Irish recruits, their kindness of heart was often displayed. I have seen the farmer's wife applying her lenitives to the swelled foot, or broken head, of one of my comrades, and offering to his thirsty lips the cooling cup. Often would the gentleman ask us questions, as though he thought information might be found even in the refuse of his kind, or, as though he felt as Terence did, when one of the finest sentiments that ever was written flowed from his pen:—

*"Homo sum humani nil à me alienum puto."*

And, indeed, it is a similar sensation which induces me to dwell so long on adventures which most of my readers will, perhaps, think out of

their sphere; but he who speculates upon the diversities of his fellow-creatures, will find a useful exercise for his faculties in contemplating the actions and manners of any set of men.

It was in the summer of 1803 I arrived in that beautiful and romantic spot, the Isle of Wight, where I remained for about eighteen months. It has been observed, that every man's good opinion is useful: I found this verified in Serjeant Take-all; for he spoke of me so favourably to the chief clerk in the Inspector-General's office, that I was chosen to fill a vacancy in it.

I now belonged to a great establishment, and there was promotion sufficient before me to satisfy reasonable hope. The head of the office had pay nearly equal to that of a field-officer; and he had under him several assistants, who were obedient in every respect. He was a very dapper fellow; but his mouth made up for his want of magnitude in a bodily way. His abilities were equally surprizing; for, in fact, he carried on the whole business of the recruiting service, the Inspector-General being entirely guided in all details by him. His utility, however, was often considered by himself

as a misfortune; for he used to charge it with impeding his promotion in the service. Like all great men, he was ambitious, and panted to throw up his pay and allowances in the office, nearly equal, as I said, to those of a field-officer, for an ensigncy in a marching regiment. He had only the rank of serjeant in the army; but he disliked the title, and we were instructed to call him Mr. C——r. I was placed under his first-assistant; and here I improved my hand-writing considerably, my business being to make rolls from attestations. My mind, however, was nearly stationary, for I had little opportunity of improving my understanding at such drudgery. General Hewett was then at our head, but we seldom saw him, as he resided in London, and was busily employed with the army of reserve; but his assistant, Colonel Carey, sometimes came down, and he was a great favourite with the office. C——r used to call him Little Peter, and we, of course, followed his example. His ability and wit displayed themselves in a thousand modes; and I once saw a caricature of his, representing Major Kent review-

ing the Newport Volunteers, which was an inimitable production.

Major K. was naturally a very grotesque figure, and Colonel C.'s pencil had done full justice to his outline, the stature being unusually short, with a protuberance of paunch, nose, and chin, truly farcical. Yet he was only one of a group of curiosities, as to personal appearance, that often assembled at our office. Colonel Barlow, the Deputy Inspector-General, was very tall, carbuncle-faced, and gouty. He used to limp forward to his place, in the morning circle, for news, exhibiting a contortion of countenance corresponding with every twitch of gout he felt in his passage up the stairs. Captain Jarvis, his adjutant, a most worthy and excellent old gentleman, was always full of duty, and in such a hurry, that he puffed in at all times quite out of breath, as though he had come post-haste to announce the landing of Buonaparte. Captain Macintosh, the quarter-master, always advanced to his post with the caution of his country, making circuitous bows in his progress. Little Peter, though very fond of an innocent laugh at others

for any oddity of body or face which nature had given them, was himself grinned at as one of the queer group; for he was of small stature, very thin figure, had French features, and animated expression. I should not mention these circumstances but for the purpose of shewing that human happiness is occasionally influenced by such trifles. Many of the pleasurable ideas I enjoyed whilst in the office, were produced by internal smiles at unsolicited thoughts, which rambled through my brain as my eye feasted on these originals, and wondered at all their sage conjectures respecting the projects of England and France, and with what bustling importance they acted their parts in the drama of life. My attestations were often left uncopied until after office-hours, that I might gaze on the scene before me.

Although a copying-clerk cannot learn much at his desk, he may, by using his eyes and ears, see and hear enough to gratify reflection and amuse observation. I soon saw that men, like fishes, when congregated, prey upon each other. What is the difference? thought I: men do not eat each other's bodies here; but our pay-serjeants feed



and live most gloriously on the substance of young recruits. See how their wives and children sport, like gaudy butterflies! behold how the tables display the weight of their purses! and mark how they all enjoy those pleasant waters, which are accused of stealing away men's brains, and women's too, when admitted freely into the mouth. The quarter-master, I observed, had a barrack-room, as a store, well filled with necessaries: combs, brushes, stockings, heel-balls, and shoes enabled him to drink claret.

There was also much to gratify curiosity in the private history of some of the soldiers at the *dépôt*. I learned the stories of their lives through their own loquacity, that inveterate propensity which we all have to talk of ourselves or of others: soldiers are particularly prone to this. Confidence is of speedy growth in the profession of arms, for frankness is a strong feature of military character: vanity, one of the weeds that grow with courage, leads men to recount what, in the estimation, should elevate them in the sight of others, or entitle them to sympathy under sustained misfortune. I shall, therefore, please such

of my old fellows as may still draw the breath of life, and peruse these sketches, by giving publicity to particulars which they were so ready to reveal; particulars which, I trust, will not prove unamusing to the reader.

FRANCIS C—R.

FRANCIS C—r was the son of a scrivener, of Birmingham. His father, though of a miserly disposition, gave him an education suitable to his views in life; and, if he could have turned the course of nature, he would have made young Frank just like himself,—a close, old-fashioned, thread-bare, brown-coated, bare-boned, sharp-featured little man, with a black stuff false sleeve, to save his writing-arm from the friction of the desk, and with a pen stuck over his ear; summer and winter, ever in office-attendance but when counting his money. Like Cicero, however, he could not make what he pleased of his boy. Strange are the exceptions respecting hereditary qualities: we sometimes observe a miserly father punished for his avarice in a spendthrift son; a most learned doctor tortured with a brainless

heir; and thus it was with old Francis C——r, whose only boy was actuated, from youth, with the principle of ruining himself; a principle which political economists have pronounced a public benefit.

Frank's mother died when he was a child: his father had fallen in love with her in consequence of a lamentation she uttered over a broken tea-cup. Frank's early fancy fixed upon a fair one much fonder of tea than of tea-cups. His next-door neighbour was a milliner, whose daughter, a sweet-faced, cherry-lipped girl, appeared often in the street, in all the finery of her mother's drawers: her eyes had shot destroying glances at our young scrivener; and, like a military spirit, he sought for safety by getting under the batteries, that he might storm them, instead of losing his life in a distant cannonade: in short, he risked all for love and glory. The young dress-maker, he found, slept in a garret; so did he; and while the old man thought his hopeful son in the arms of sleep, he was on the roof of the house, making love through a sky-light. The fair object of his devotions was too well schooled, however, to ad-

mit him without all the sacred preliminaries: they were privately married, and, for a long time, had a heaven upon earth in an upper story, through the accommodating medium of skylights and rope-ladders. At length there was an explosion in the milliner's establishment; but the old lady remembered the old proverb of the bird and her nest; and, upon taking her stout daughter to task, she found that matters might have been worse. She made a vow, however, that no maiden daughter of her's should ever again sleep in a room with a sky-light. Her prudence prevented her from revealing what had occurred to Frank's father; yet she insisted that her son-in-law should support his wife and child. This puzzled the young scrivener, whose pecuniary means had never been equal to his wants and wishes. Necessity is a sore tempter: he knew where his father's iron chest, well-stocked with guineas, was chained. Ingenuity soon suggested a mode of getting at his object by false keys; but, as the old miser was in the habit of constantly counting his hoard, to deceive him was the difficulty. This was also overcome: old Frank being

near-sighted, young Frank substituted counterfeit guineas for the real ones, with which the demands of Madame, the milliner, were supplied.

It does not often occur that dishonesty is long-lived : old Frank soon discovered the base metal. It is easy to conceive what horrible contortions his countenance, lean, sallow, long, and pinched, must have undergone on the doleful occasion. No soul, as he thought, had access to his heaven; and, in the first confusion of his intellect, he was inclined to blame that unfortunate personage, the author of all evil. On more mature reflection, however, he charged his only attendant, a most witch-like old woman, with robbery. When young Frank saw the poor wretch about to be dragged before a magistrate, his heart, unlike that of the *philosophic* Rousseau in a similar case, smote him; and, having generosity in his nature, he at once confessed the whole to his father. Had he been a man capable of appreciating a spirited action, he would have considered his boy's villainy redeemed; he would have argued, that a departure from integrity may sometimes admit of palliation; an act of treachery, coward-

dice, and falsehood, never. His poor son had a mind weak enough for the former, but he was far from the depravity of the latter. Old Frank, however, could not reason on moral points: he took no blame to himself for Frank's delinquency; he never reflected that his son might have thought he was taking that of which his father knew not the proper use. No; he turned him out of doors with passionate heartlessness.

It would be dull and tedious to detail the disappointments which Frank experienced in establishing himself in business, and the misfortunes which at length reduced him to enter the army in the humble sphere of a private soldier. His father cut him off with a shilling, having left his considerable property to a distant relation, whose parsimony, he hoped, would give immortality to that yellow store, the care of which, no doubt, shortened his own miserable life.

I shall not attempt an inquiry into the cause of Frank's deriving pleasurable sensations from giving publicity to a story, which, one would suppose, was not creditable to his own character. It is sufficient for me that my sketch is true to na-

ture. There are so many aberrations from every defined line in human character, that an author might as well endeavour to account for the tangents of insanity, as for the actions of his fellow-men. A long philosophical chapter might be written on the behaviour of Hamlet, in the mad scene, towards the sweet Ophelia; so, also, might an essay receive "a local habitation and a name," from the feelings of Francis C——r, in recounting the wild circumstances of his life: but I shall not be tempted to thrash the chaff out of my subject; so I proceed.

#### CHARLES N——S.

CHARLES was the son of an eminent surgeon at Chelsea. He had received a classical education, for his father had designed him to march before, instead of behind him; that is, he wished to make him a physician rather than a surgeon: but young Lancet had taken a mortal dislike to medicine; he fell upon his knees before the feeler of pulses, and exclaimed, "Father! father! I'll be any thing but a doctor." The surgeon's astonishment and regret may be conceived; his

full-bottomed wig nearly leaped off his head; such was the agitation of his brain, when his heart received the shock of his son's disobedience. He was a positive, dogmatical prescriber; and, as quickly as he could find utterance, he stuttered forth, "Aye, aye! you'll be any thing but what I want you." Are not parents as often deeply tinctured with folly as their children? Because his only son would not be the very thing he wanted him, this gentle surgeon would let him be nothing else. He clenched his fist in his face—"I'll disinherit you," said he; "I'll marry a young wife, and have a doctor!" He did so. Nothing, however, could change his son's dislike to medicine: he swore that no poet should ever say of him, like Chaucer,—

"Wel knew he the old Æsculapius,  
And Dioscorides, and eke Rufus;  
Old Hippocras, Hali, and Gallien,  
Serapion, Rasis, and Avicen;  
Averrois, Damascene, and Constantin;  
Bernard, and Gatisden, and Gilbertin."

There is no accounting for eccentricity: the old surgeon began to hate his disobedient son; his



harsh step-mother ill-used him; he ran away from them, and found a temporary asylum with a relation in London, a solicitor in high practice. In his office, Charles was initiated into the mysteries of mechanical law; and he might have qualified himself in the profession; but he was, in a short time, seduced from habits of industry by dissipated companions: in short, he became the victim of intemperance, connected himself with an abandoned beauty, and enlisted.

His ability had procured him a good situation in the Inspector-General's office, with the rank of a staff-serjeant; but he still continued to put an enemy in his mouth that stole away his brains. In short, my unfortunate name-sake, Charles, lost his place in the office. I saw him several years afterwards at Bombay, a private in the company's service, a prey to drunkenness, and lost entirely to self-respect; still retaining the manner and address of a gentleman; with a hollow eye, an emaciated, sallow cheek, a broken constitution; and altogether presenting such a ruin of a superior mind and body, that my heart swelled, and sent forth a tear, on the melancholy thought of what

he might have been. I had then the power and the will to serve him; but, alas! he who forgets his duty to himself puts it beyond the reach of possibility for friends to forward his essential interest. He was placed in the Auditor-General's office at Bombay, on a good salary; but his inveterate habits rendered him totally unfit for confidence; he soon lost his post in that office; and, I believe, he is now no more.

Unfortunate Charles! thou wast much to blame! but, if wisdom had directed thy father's affections, instead of selfishness and passion, how different might be the record of thy fate! Reader! if you are a father, learn to pity the weaknesses of your children; and imitate your Father in heaven, who maketh the sun to shine and the rain to fall upon all his creation! Let neither passion nor resentment withdraw your care from the creature you have produced. If you are a son, learn that it is glory and honour to sacrifice your own will at the shrine of piety. Experience is thy father's. Years and grey hairs are pregnant with knowledge. He knows what is for thy interest, and love prompts his ready advice. If thou art

a follower of St. Julian, given to hospitality, and cheered by rosy wine, O learn, that habit is acquired, not by force, but by frequency! *Gutta cavat lapidem non vi sed sæpe cadendo.* Think of Charles N——s; have his fate in thy mind's eye; and pray for strength to keep thee out of the way of temptation.

SAM C——N.

SAM was old enough to be the father of the *dépôt*, being in the seventieth year of his age. His chin and nose projected considerably beyond his thin, pale lips, which gave an extremely comic appearance to an otherwise serious face. His form was thin, tall, and bending. He carried, with a tenacity for enjoyment and pleasure, the marks of a debauched life. In short, on a frosty morning, he looked like one of Spenser's ghosts, "chattering their iron teeth, and staring wide with stony eyes."

His history teems with instruction, though not with extraordinary incident. Carefully prepared for commercial pursuits, in an extensive house at Liverpool, he commenced business there, with a

capital of ten thousand pounds; and, having a wide connexion, his prospect seemed bright, his horizon gilded with no fictitious sun of hope. Within himself, however, lurked the seeds of destruction. Being of an amorous disposition, he married early, as he thought, for love, without sordid views to money. His wife, like himself, was ostentatious, and "at heart a rake." She was of a genteel family, whose pride made up for want of wealth; and, being now in possession of what she thought a fortune, her establishment, dress, equipage, and table were not regulated by the standard of prudence, but by the rage of imitation. Her husband, tinctured with similar fashionable propensities, did not reflect on this truth, that wealth and independence belong rather to wisdom and economy than to fortune.

> The man possessed of elegant sufficiency, who imitates the splendour of a neighbour squandering his large superfluities, may be an object of misery to himself, and of envy to those below him, whilst he gains but contemptuous flattery and private ridicule, for murdering the happiness of his family.

"Gather the rose-buds while ye may,  
Old Time is still a-flying;  
And that same flower that blooms to-day,  
To-morrow shall be dying."

Cowley's poetry was Sam's philosophy; but his construction was different from the poet's meaning. The libertine often quotes Horace, and the gourmand refers to Epicurus, for doctrines which neither the poet nor the philosopher ever inculcated: because they reprobated the habits of a miser, they are accused of befriending extravagance and debauchery.

I need not be tedious in a tale, now, alas! of too frequent occurrence. Sam became bankrupt; he was high-minded and honourable; his property was fairly stated; and, in the retired cottage of poverty, mutual vituperation soon put an end to his dream of love.

No carriages now rattled to his door; no cards of invitation adorned his mantel-piece: every one apprehended a demand on former profession, and refused payment, by avoiding a dun. The very wife of his bosom deserted his humble abode, and left him to exclaim, "Frailty, thy name is wo-

man!" Tortured by recollection, and agonized by despair, he sank into inertness; he could not dig, and to beg he was ashamed. "I should have starved," said he, "in my cabin; no soul would have looked in to see whether my bones were rotting or not, until the rent became due; had it not been for the fidelity of an old Adam, who had served me from boyhood!" This faithful creature drew upon a little hoard he had, and supplied the wants of his unfortunate master. Time, at length, aroused him from his lethargy; but his mind, labouring under the pressure of repeated disappointment, lost its elastic force, and he madly sought refuge in the forgetfulness of intoxication. The struggle may be a hard one, but we inevitably sink to the level of our circumstances: he descended step by step, till, finding himself at a stand, not having one gradation in the ladder of life below him, he regarded enlistment as promotion. In old age, his pen, which had been despised in youth, procured for him comparative comfort as a clerk in the Inspector-General's office. His marriage-bed had been a barren one; but experience and time failed to quench the passion of

his soul; and, in his sixtieth year, he took to his bosom another wife, young enough to be his grand-daughter. As usual, in such cases, he became jealous, accused her of listening to love through the key-hole, and of letting a smart captain enter at her bed-room window, having, as he supposed, security for the doors in his pocket. But, *Ohe, jam satis!* I shall jump to another sketch.

#### JACK P — N.

JACK was descended from an ancient family in Staffordshire: his father had served the office of high-sheriff. Being a second son, he was provided for in the army, and, at the age of sixteen, he paraded in all the splendour of an ensign. Of a gay, lively disposition, he soon became a great favourite with the ladies; one of the consequences of which was, that he lost four of his front teeth in a desperate leap from the chamber-window of a frail fair one, whose husband's presence was unexpectedly announced. His father allowed him a hundred a-year above his pay; but Jack, at the end of three years, was arrested at the suit

of his tailor, and several detainers were clapped upon him, for debts amounting to a thousand pounds.

The sheriff grinned most furiously on the occasion; but Jack's mother stood his friend, and coaxed old Square-toes till he paid the whole. This was not done, however, without a promise from Jack, that he would for ever renounce his dogs, mistresses, and horses; live upon his pay, and immediately exchange into a regiment in India. His exchange was effected forthwith, and he repaired to the Isle of Wight for embarkation.

In the mean time, the lady for whom he had so nearly broken his neck, was caught by her suspicious husband in an amour with a young nobleman, and turned out of doors. In the expectation that his lordship would throw himself into her arms, she was disappointed; he was, at the time, on the point of being married, having become fondly attached to a thirty-thousand-pound prize, which had only the drawback of a long-faced, ghost-like wife as a take-along-with-it. He, therefore, declined the honour, on the plea



of necessity, assuring the fair lady that he was willing to give her an establishment as soon as he should get into possession of his wife's fortune. While her bosom was yet heaving with indignation and vengeance, she accidentally met her old paramour, Jack, at Portsmouth, and arrayed her seducing face in so many attractions, that, in a moment of infatuation, he agreed to take her out with him to the East, as his reputed wife.

As Mrs. P. she was entered in the list of passengers, and as Mrs. P. she was received by the ladies of his regiment, on Jack's arrival at Bombay, the *corps* being then on service in the field. During the passage, however, she had transferred her affections to an assistant-surgeon, who was also a passenger on board, and revealed to him, in an amorous moment, her important secret. On the strength of this knowledge, the medical gentleman presumed to transgress the laws of decorum; and when, in consequence, her reputed husband called him out, an explosion took place, which blasted the lady's character, and subjected him to charges of infamous and scandalous conduct.

wrote such a letter, however, to the com-

manding-officer of the regiment, as made a strong impression in his favour. He represented himself as the victim of infatuation; drew a glowing picture of the power of beauty over the heart of a young soldier; excused his conduct in a gentleman-like and ingenuous manner; and made apologies, so spirited and yet so humble, to every one he had insulted, that a large party in the *corps* espoused his cause. The young officers laughed at his offence; the resentment of the married ones was partly disarmed by his acknowledgments, and wholly neutralized by the intercessions made in his behalf: when the married officers were assembled by the colonel, for the purpose of taking his letter into consideration, he was unconditionally forgiven; and, soon after, he joined the regiment, and was well received, the lady having died in the interim of a liver complaint, induced, perhaps, by grief and chagrin.

In the course of a short period, Jack was promoted to a lieutenantcy. Notwithstanding his father's austerity at parting, he still continued to raise the wind in bills on the old gentleman; and thus, having cash at command, he was an admired

companion to every lover of Maxwell and Key's claret, Hodson's pale ale, and cherry bounce: in short, he was considered a good fellow, and likely to do well in the service. A lieutenant-colonel, however, having joined the regiment, who was an enemy to every irregularity, and as much inclined "to play pranks before high heaven"—that is, to have his own way—as any other military commander, Jack fell under his displeasure. He had to send in so many explanations in writing to the adjutant, and received so many wigs for attempting to kiss the Parsee's wives, and forcing sentries, that he had some thoughts of exchanging into another *corps*.

He consoled himself by caricaturing the colonel, who was a long-shanked, knock-kneed, huge-faced, giant-shouldered soldier; and he received the laugh of his thoughtless companions as a recompense for the concentrated dislike of his commanding-officer. One of his representations deserves to be noticed. I have said that his colonel disliked every irregularity: such was his rage for order and uniformity, that he determined on cutting off all the whiskers in the *corps*; having

trimmed the adjutant's face and his own as models of military perfection, he issued his commands accordingly. When the officers received these orders, it is not easy to conceive how chagrined they were; for it had been their pride to display such monstrous whiskers as had not been exhibited before on the plains of Hindostan, even by the Sieks. Such, however, is the force of brief authority, that every one of them had to lay violent hands on his favourite face-ornaments.

Jack seized this opportunity to ridicule the colonel, whom he represented in full magnitude standing over a diminutive officer, with a huge razor in one hand, and a mighty pair of sheers in the other; behind him stood the tall, thin, sallow-faced adjutant, holding a shaving-box and towel; whilst on the right and left were the majors, with open mouths, in gaping astonishment, turning up their over-grown mustachios as a last consolation.

It would have been better for Jack, if he had never known how to strike off a face on his thumb-nail: to the resentment excited by his caricature,

he owed the loss of his commission; for when an opportunity occurred, a long string of charges was preferred against him for negligence in his duty, insolence in his behaviour, absence from his guard, ungentlemanlike conduct towards the soldiers' wives, disobedience of orders, evasions, and mental reservations; on which, being brought before a court-martial and prosecuted with inveteracy, he was cashiered.

The shopkeepers and Parsees of Bombay now marshalled Jack's debts against him, and he was thrown into gaol, where he continued till payment became hopeless; then he was liberated, and once more landed on his native shore. His good old parents had paid the debt of nature; his extravagance had consumed all that his father had left him; and his brother, then in possession of an embarrassed estate, with several sisters to provide for, absolutely refused to assist him. "I was not," said Jack, "so deeply affected by the matter of my brother's refusal as by his manner." In short, they parted in enmity, and never met again.

It would be useless to follow my subject through the difficulties which at length terminated in enlistment.

In the Inspector-General's office I might have long remained but for friendship. I had formed an acquaintance with a young English recruit, Frank Stanley, and it was every day ripening into high esteem: we belonged to the same *corps*. As the time of his departure approached, our deep sorrow was evident on the prospect of separation. "We shall not part," said I; "you cannot stay, but I can go." Accordingly, I sent in a memorial to Colonel Barlow, stating my ambition to join my regiment, for the purpose of sharing the toils of active service; and my prayer was granted.



Nº. III.

THE PASSAGE OUT.

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Love all ; trust a few ; be able for thine enemy  
Rather in power than in act.  
Give thy thoughts no tongue,  
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.

SHAKSPEARE.

I WOULD willingly continue the impressive advice, of which my motto forms the exordium ; for it is pregnant with instruction to all, and to none more so than the youthful aspirant to military fame.

“ Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.  
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel ;  
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade—beware  
Of entrance to a quarrel ; but, being in,  
Bear’t, that th’ opposer may beware of thee.



Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice ;  
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.  
Costly thy habit, as thy purse can buy,  
But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy.  
This, above all, to thine own self be true ;  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou can'st not then be false to any one."

When the fleet came round to the Mother-Bank, we marched to Cowes, and embarked on board the good old East-Indiaman, Earl Howe, commanded by Captain Murray. The recruits, for different *corps* in India, were chiefly convicts from the Hulks, who had commuted their punishment for general service; there were about one hundred of this description, with twenty-five English, Scotch, and Irish lads, picked up by the recruiting parties, in the common way. Many of the convicts, and a few of the young adventurers, were married; and it was really a heart-rending scene to witness the separation of several seemingly-fond wives from their husbands. By his Majesty's regulations, only a certain proportion of women are permitted to embark with troops. It is a cruel expedient; and I sincerely hope that much misery which it inflicts will soon be

prevented. Surely it would be better to enlist only single men, and afterwards to permit none but a regulated number to marry, than to break asunder one of the most sacred bonds of human institution, and to lacerate affectionate hearts with incurable wounds. I know not any grievance in the service that requires correction more than this.

The women stood weeping on the quarter-deck around the first officer, Mr. Nesbit, who was preparing lots in a hat for them to try their fortune of chance, as all of them, they well knew, could not accompany their husbands; the men were pressing forward from the waste to witness the touching scene, with anxiety strongly painted on their countenances; the passengers were looking down from the poop with no common degree of interest; and many of the sailors had climbed up the shrouds to view, from aloft, what excited general sympathy. I had been deeply struck by an agony of fear and hope that appeared in the pale looks of a very pretty girl who stood speechless, with a babe in her arms; her cheeks were a trickling stream of tears, and the whole of her

deportment expressed the profoundness of silent grief. At length, the name of Nancy Gordon was called: she trembled from head to foot. The chief-mate, perceiving that she was quite unable to advance to the capstan, on which the hat was placed, humanely took it to her, where she was leaning against a gun, and, to my supreme delight, she drew forth a prize. Never did I behold such an instantaneous change in any countenance: a light seemed at once spread over it, and she instinctively exclaimed—"Thank God!" kissed her baby, and flew to her husband, who was ready to receive her with a transport of joy indescribable.

During the passage I cultivated the acquaintance of Nancy and her husband: he told me their melancholy story, and I give it, as follows, nearly in his own words:—

#### BOB GORDON'S STORY.

"AN extensive, cheap farm, that had supported my father and mother, was divided at his death between me and my brother; but, as I had been made an expert penman, I disliked the plough, sold

my interest in land, and set up as an innkeeper in the town of N——. The coach from Armagh to Dublin stopped at my house, and I profited by the passengers. Besides, I had a great deal of posting, and a very good share of general business; so that I was, in a short period, considered a right shining fellow in that little town. Every one there, who had a marriageable daughter, began to pay me no small attention.

“I encouraged the belief that my father had left me a considerable sum in ready cash; for I fell into the erroneous opinion, that, in this world, innocent deception is sometimes of great use: I therefore got every thing I wanted on credit, and kept my money snug, at six per cent., in the hands of a gentleman who was partner in the Newry bank. No firm in the world was thought more substantial; 'Squire Moore, of Drumbanagher, had joined it, and his estate was deemed a solid security for all its connexions. My mind was easy, and my affairs were most prosperous.

“To crown all, I was on the point of being married to the very girl that had fixed my youthful fancy. Her father had withheld his sanction, for

he was wealthy, and the descendant of a prudent Scotchman, and thought me hardly rich enough for his daughter; but now he came to market every Saturday, often for no purpose but that of seeing the run at my house, and taking his glass with me in my little parlour. Then, in his mellow, soft moments, he would bring round his chair close to mine, and say, ‘Bob, gee me thy fist, mon; the time is na far awa—but na mare o’ that just noo.’ Or when he met me crossing his fields to see Nancy, he would brush up to me with pleasure beaming in his eye, and exclaim, ‘What way are ye, Bob, the day, mon? ye ha na been here noo lang syne; right hearty Nanny’s eye will be to see ye.’

“ But the Newry bank failed; the worthy ‘Squire Moore, a real gentleman, beloved like a father by his tenantry and all that knew him, was ruined, and I shared his fate. My creditors came upon me; I lost the inn; my relations and friends left me to sink; my intended father-in-law no more came near me; poor Nancy offered to share poverty with me, but he threatened to disinherit her; and I had strength of mind, at that

time, to resist the temptation of making her wretched in poverty.

“ For some time despair stared me in the face, and I found comfort in the stupor of *Polyteen*, with wretches like myself, lost to hope: in short, I forgot God, and determined to become a self-murderer. With this intention, I wrote a farewell to poor Nancy, and went to a sturk-shed with a rope, which I fixed to the balk, and was putting the noose round my neck with the intention of jumping off a broken window, when I heard from under some straw in the end of it the voice of Nancy—‘ Oh God! my God!’ and my emaciated form was immediately clasped in her dear arms, and my bosom bathed with her tears.

“ I cannot describe what followed. Nancy went to the straw where she had hidden herself on hearing the approach of steps, and, shewing me a scarf twisted into a rope, she confessed that her visit to this desolate spot had been for the same purpose as mine; for, knowing the life I led, despair had seized her, and she determined on quitting a wretched existence and a merce-

nary world. In short, I married Nancy, and enlisted, for the purpose of going to India, where the people in our part believe that all the streets are paved with gold."

But, gentle reader, poor Bob and his Nancy were unfortunate adventurers; they both fell victims to disease in India. Unhappy pair! I sincerely hope ye found that felicity in heaven which was not your portion on earth. Your baby also sleeps in the grave! Cruel father! what must be your feelings, when you think of their fate? when you reflect on the misery produced by an injudicious exercise of your parental authority? O! ye parents! take warning, and do to your children as you would be done to; for the heart of age, you ought surely to recollect, is cold and selfish; and you should know, that as much anguish is propagated in the world by the folly of the old as by the disobedience of the young.

At length the boat disappeared from our view—the boat which carried to the shore those mourning and disappointed wives, whose fate it had been to bid a death-like adieu to the living. The yards are manned; the captain arrives; a signal-

gun from the Hindostan man-of-war, our convoy, announces the glad tidings of departure. It was a moving sight to behold fourteen brave ships unfurl their white sails, and, like living beauties, assume majestic motion on the blue expanse. The shrill fife and war-stirring drum rousing the anchors from their watery beds, were dear to my ear, whilst my eye feasted on the busy scene, till the toiling sailors ceased from their stimulating "yo, heave, ho!" and the rippling waves curled into white foam as they met our gallant prow.

Then I turned to the lessening shore, and that melancholy feeling which a man experiences who is, perhaps, for ever quitting his native land, touched my heart; the images of past joys rose to my 'mind's eye,' and I found a thousand associations linked to memory, of whose fleeting existence frail enjoyment had not deigned to apprise understanding. "Farewell," said I, with a sigh and a tear, "ye white shores of Albion!" Lifting up my eyes, I saw my friend Frank looking earnestly at me. "Yes," mentally exclaimed I, "all my treasure is not left behind when thou art with



me;" and in each other's sympathy we forgot our individual proper sorrow.

Colonel Benjamin Forbes, one of his Majesty's officers, returning to join his regiment, commanded the troops on board. By his orders we were formed into three watches. Our hammocks were to be up at a certain hour every morning; immediately after which the orlop-deck, appropriated to our use, was to be washed and scraped by a fatigue party. Proper care was taken to prevent drunkenness, by obliging each man to swallow his own drams. Parades and inspections were arranged; amusements and pastimes pointed out; and judicious regulations framed for promoting health and comfort.

Our passage was extremely barren of incident. In less than five months our commodore had the pleasure of conducting his charge in safety to Madras. Of course, we had variety enough in winds and currents in that length of time; but matter more interesting than the common-places of such a log-book may be selected from the pregnant lives of our convicts. Many a dull

hour I spent during our long voyage in listening to the recital of their adventures. It was often the amusement of a knot of them to sit around our lantern in the orlop-deck, in the long evenings, and tell their own stories.

An idea may be formed of the scene of our adventure-recitation, by conceiving a large, iron ship-lantern, with panes of horn, suspended from a beam, and casting a sickly visibility on several grim-countenanced convicts, dressed in smock-frocks, and seated on the deck. Of such a group I generally formed a part, and drank with my eyes and ears the wild entertainment before me. There was a sentry at our main hatchway, with a drawn sword, to watch the light; and the long-visaged master-at-arms, with two or three blue-jacketed tars, would often be listeners. At this hour the hammocks were slung in view, and many a snorer in them enjoying the oblivion of repose.

It has been said, that if every man's life were written there would be entertainment in it: I deny the truth, however, of this wise saw of antiquity. What amusement would there be in re-

cordova that a man was true, but for lying; honest, but for stealing; that at last he was detected, tried, sentenced to be hanged or transported, but pardoned on condition of fighting for the honour and glory of his king and country? No, it must be something out of the common wheel-rut of life that will ruffle the thick-skinned minds of romance-readers. I shall, therefore, let all the stories I heard slumber in the grave of memory, except three, which I deem worthy of resurrection. For their truth I vouch not: if the narrators coloured their lives where they required a fanciful touch, and threw such parts into the shade as vanity prompted them to keep back—is not such the state of all self-portraits? What lady but admires the glass that flatters her? What artist ever made a fortune by painting eyes, noses, foreheads and chins just as they are? The whole may be an authentic picture; at least, the matter true to nature. So, without another flourish, I end to begin.

## DUGALD McDONALD.

DUGALD was a brawny, low-set man, aged about forty; his activity and strength were still great; and in his countenance there was an acquired ferocity that baffles description. I call it acquired, because it was visible only when his energies or passions were roused. At such moments his mouth was drawn up, and his nose down; his eyes appeared to be gilded with fire, like those of a cock; and his projecting eyebrows, covered with shagged red hair, followed the concentration of his other strong features, and gave to his aspect a determined, undaunted, furious character. His hair was red and strong, and it rose, when he was agitated, like bristles: his complexion was a fair bronze; and a deep cut, which extended from his right cheek towards his left eye, had seriously injured the bridge of his nose, and contracted the natural play of his right eye, so that he winked continually; and in doing so his upper lip was quickly drawn away with the right cheek, and displayed a set of yellow grinders that would have been dreaded in the jaws of a

wild boar. Being pressed to relate his adventures, he began thus:—

“ My father, good boys, was an honest man ; at least, so he was reputed ; and my mother had as kind and tender a heart as ever palpitated in female breast. My misfortune is, they were too fond of me. In strict justice, therefore, I ought to blacken their characters, in imitation of him under the gallows who bit off his parent’s ear for teaching him to be a thief. He who was the cause of my appearing as an actor in this most curious world, held rank as a gentleman, and a small property, from the collateral branch of the head of my name in Scotland. I was educated in the high school of Edinburgh ; but, being spoiled by over-indulgence before I went thither, instead of taking delight in the walks of literature, I sought for pleasure in the company of idlers. This course naturally led me into a scale of expenditure far beyond the allowance I had from home. By private representations to my mother, I for a considerable time raised the wind with the fond gifts I received from her ; but, as these soon began to fall short of my necessities, I was forced to draw upon my invention for fresh supplies.

“At this time my chum, the friend of my heart, was in the same circumstances as myself. Never has my eye rested on a more manly form than Hector Wilson’s. It was not merely a fine shell, covering a lump of insipidity; it was not a gorgeous casket in the jewel-chamber of a play-house, containing emptiness, or worthless painted glass; no, his outside was, like the palace of a king, the true representative of the sumptuous grandeur that reigned within. Mystery hung over his involved life. He knew nothing of his parentage or family, having merely a confused remembrance of a dreadful scene, in which his mother was killed by interposing herself suddenly and fearlessly between his father and a mutinous crew on board his vessel. ‘Her blood flowed on me,’ said he, ‘as I twisted my little arms round her on the deck; but I was dragged away, and never saw father or mother more.’

“Since that period, he had been indebted for protection to strangers, who were liberally paid for their care of him; but with such precaution and secrecy, that no clue was left by which ingenuity could unravel his wild and strange conjectures. He was conscious of an unceasing and

anxious agency respecting his fate; for he was personally supplied with money at uncertain periods—receiving it in the dusk of the gloming, on the drawbridge of Leith, from a person in the garb of a sailor, who would answer no inquiries. These meetings were arranged by letters sent to him through the post-office.

“Whether this uncertainty respecting himself had sublimed his imagination, acting on thought as fire does on mercury; or whether nature had constructed the vessels of his heart so that imminent danger could not constringe them, I take not upon myself to determine; but I know, from personal observation, he was brave beyond the imputation of personal fear: he delighted in familiarity with all that is terrible. I have seen him hang over the precipices about Edinburgh, and risk his life a thousand times in mad adventure, conducted with consummate skill and unagitated prudence.

“For some time before my extreme want of money, he had not heard from his unknown banker; he was, therefore, not, as I said before, in the same, but in worse circumstances than myself. Indeed, when he was in cash I never

wanted; for he forced his upon me with the prodigality of youth, which estimates friendship higher than gold. Many were the vain attempts I made to furnish the means for the continuation of our extravagance. In proportion as our wants became urgent, we began to envy others, and to curse fortune for bestowing riches with such inequality; not considering that, compared to many, we were amply supplied. In short, we saw that others had what we wanted; the devil got possession of our minds, and, arming ourselves, we took up a position on the Glasgow road one night with the intention of emptying travellers' pockets to fill our own.

"It was an evening in November, as dark as Benlomond in a storm. The wind whistled sharply as it broke on our noses, and the rain threatened to pelt us from our post, when we heard the tramp of a horse approaching, and figured to our imagination a rich and easy prize. The traveller passed between us, on Hector's side: there was just light enough to see him. In a moment his bridle-rein was in Wilson's hand, and my pistol at his head. 'Fear nothing,' said Hector; 'it is



your trash of money, and not your life, we want; but your purse or your life we must have.' The stranger was quite speechless from fear and astonishment; so Hector seizing one arm and leg, and I the other, we disfurnished his pockets of their contents. 'Spare my life,' said he, in a tremulous voice, 'and I'll give you all I have.' Just as he had placed his last shilling in Hector's hand, a vivid flash of lightning crossed his face; and you may judge of what I felt, when I simply tell you, that its lurid light revealed to me my father!"

The ferocity of M'Donald's look, when he pronounced "My father," electrified me. His mouth and nose nearly met; the scowl of his forehead cast his lower face into deep shade; his eye, at every wink, sent forth a stream of spirituous fire; and the contraction of his cheek, drawing up with it the right side of his mouth, altogether displayed such internal commotion as I had not before witnessed in the human countenance. After a long, convulsive pause, he proceeded.

"Agitation had so choked my poor father's voice, that it was not like his own. No wonder,

therefore, that I did not know him when he spoke. But when I saw his face, I felt as though the thunder, then pealing over us, had struck me dead. I saw, I heard no more, till he had gone; when, awaking as from a frightful dream, I found Hector near me where I lay on the ground, full of apprehension that I had been killed by the lightning. He congratulated me on our good fortune; and when I told him of the spectre that had frightened me, laughed at and ridiculed my weakness.

“The next morning I was visited by my old boy; and really, notwithstanding what had happened to me the night before, I felt it most difficult, while my father told me his tale of the robbery, to restrain myself. It was ludicrous enough for me to be the cause of all the long faces he made on the occasion; and to hear how the rogue snapped his pistol in his ear, and how it burnt priming; and how he saw, by the flash in the pan, a band of robbers about him, with drawn, flaming swords; and, in short, how he saw a thousand things that he never saw, but in the glass of his disordered imagination: such a distorter of ob-

jects, such a magnifier of danger, is fear ! Well, I had to accompany my dad to the provost; when he lodged such an information, and gave such a description of the formidable gang his fancy had conjured up, as made his worship bless himself, and express a sore fear for the good town. The hue and cry were raised, and Hector and I had the chuckle of hearing the hounds in full pursuit of us, without any of that palpitation which a hare feels in her form. Hector and I were quite out of the sphere of suspicion; and, as a reward for our night's exploit, we had nearly one hundred pounds in gold.

“ My father was coming to the capital with this purse, to clear off my encumbrances; and, being alarmed at reports respecting my course of living, he had made up his mind to put me out of the way of temptation by taking me home for good along with him. In imparting this his intention to me, he also indicated that he had views respecting my settlement in life, but forbore going into particulars, leaving me to conjecture that marriage was the subject of his thoughts. I quaked with apprehension; for I had already

been wounded to the heart's core by the dart of love.

“It was in one of our boating-excursions on the winding Forth that I met with this charmer of my soul. Hector and I had been admiring the romantic scenery of the Lomond hills. As we were returning, in a still and beautiful evening in September, cheering the Forth with the music of our flutes, we overtook a boat, with a party of pleasure in it, who seemed to linger, that they might enjoy our sprightly airs; but we had not proceeded far in company, when a dark change spread over the scene. The southern horizon in appearance neared us, and began to rise in a black cloud, the lower edge of which curled, like angry waves, and broke into white coruscations, darting upwards into the murky region, like spray. Soon after, the wind began to whistle fearfully; and so sudden was the awful change, that we had scarcely time to haul down our sail, and make ourselves quite snug, when a heavy gust made our boat reel. We heard a general scream in our consort, then at some distance from us: all was instantly silent, save the roaring elements; but we were soon as-

sured, by struggling cries, that she had upset. Cheering our boatmen, we pulled in that direction, against wind and tide. The squall had passed us on eagle wing; the rain was pelting the angry waves; the moon was peering over the black ridge that had obscured her silver loveliness; when Wilson and I saw the figure of a lady, who seemed to be clinging to an oar. We both darted into the foam around us, and, leaving the obstructed boat behind, buffeted the waves, and at once seized her sinking and apparently lifeless form.

“After a long and hard struggle, we regained our boat; but our efforts to resuscitate the young creature we had snatched from the yawning Forth were long unsuccessful. Her drooping head hung over my breast, and her dark, disheveled hair floated across my face, as I supported her, whilst Hector, with anxious concern, was preparing a bed in the stern for her reception. I know not any thing to which I can compare my feelings: my heart beat so that I thought it would break; I wished that I were a fire to warm the cold girl into life. She did not remind me of death; but she brought into recollection the most beautiful

marble statue I had ever seen. Her eyes were closed as in sleep; a smile seemed to curl on her purple lip; and the hue of health still appeared to mantle on her cheek.

“ We stripped off her wet clothes, and rolled her up in our dry boat-cloaks. The beauty of her fair form shed a light around itself; and, kneeling on each side, we resorted to every means that ingenuity suggested, in our unprovided state, to effect recovery. We chafed her with our hands; and you may conceive, but I cannot describe, the looks of joy that effused from our souls, when we at length felt a pulse at her heart. But what was our emotion when we saw her lips assuming the tint of rose-buds? Can you conceive my rapture when I felt her breath, like perfume, as I stooped to feel with, my lips, its warmth? A long sigh bespoke the return of sensation; and, raising her lily hand to her alabaster forehead, she opened those dark eyes, whose powerfully penetrating rays, like invisible sparks from an electric machine, bewildered my senses. Yet, unconscious of the shock they inflicted, I gazed away my heart.

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object of my fondest desire. Since the formation of our friendship, I had never concealed my bosom thoughts from Wilson, on any occasion, save the present. The cause of this was—a suspicion had taken possession of my mind, that Hector loved Flora too, and hoarded the secret in his own breast: but my cogitation on this disloyalty did not lead me to condemn him, for I merely accused him of what I was guilty of myself. I left him with every demonstration of affection, placing in his hands the whole sum of which we had rifled my father.

“ I had not been long at home before the grand explosion, which I expected, took place. My father had, in fact, disposed of me over a bowl of toddy, in a way which, in his wisdom, would conduce to the interest of our family and his happiness. He had all but married me to my cousin Jenny, whose face and temper I never could bear: the one was an emblem of the other; both were as tart as a green crab. In a word, she was the opposite of every thing lovely, or even tolerable: no man, but my father, had ever thought of matrimony in her presence; nor would he, had not ambition



and avidity blinded his reason. She was ten years older than I; but, in my father's eyes, her fortune was ample. When he proposed her to me, I, however, at once negatived the offer. I was but little acquainted with my dad's temper. He drew his face up into a most determined purse, and, frowning like stormy night, he thundered forth, 'But ye will, tho', for a' that,' and left me.

"He had never cast upon me such a look before. I had always found him gentle, easily entreated, and weakly indulgent; but, oh, it is hard to know the human heart. The astronomer can ascertain the motions of the heavenly bodies, while the intricate and eccentric emotions of dust and ashes baffle the researches of philosophy. My father had thought so long on the advantages of my marriage, that he had settled it as a domestic arrangement, which no difficulty should frustrate. In prospect, he saw me a parliament man; in my own unhappy home, he never beheld me disgusted with my fate. But I must be brief, in detailing many particulars.

"In short, he gave me the choice of making

up my mind to his wishes, by a certain day, or of bidding adieu to him for ever.

“ Meanwhile, with my heart full of hope and fear, I had seen my lovely Flora. Mine ! did I say ? distracting thought ! her heart was entirely another’s ; nothing had she for me but gratitude. I sought for consolation and assistance, by turning to friendship and Hector—he was not in existence for me : he had left Edinburgh ; he had not written to me. A thousand conjectures arose in my mind. At length the fatal day of my answering arrived. To face my father would have been useless. I knew his determined and unbending nature on the point in question. I thought, however, a little time would mollify him, and that it was wise for me to withdraw from his resentment. Short-sighted creatures that we are ! I was doomed never to see him again. He traced me to Glasgow ; and in his way home, after a fruitless search, he was, by an accidental fall off his horse, killed on the spot. His lifeless body was carried home so indiscreetly and abruptly, that my poor mother met it at her hall-door, instead of the loved old husband she had gone out to embrace. The shock was too

much for her frail heart-strings : they broke ; and an agonized groan, long, faint, and suffocating, was all she uttered."

Here Macdonald's face was convulsed, and his whole aspect awfully terrific. He paused for a moment, and proceeded :

" These melancholy events I did not learn till some time after their occurrence ; when I also found that my father's property had been seized, and sold for debt. I was now poor and friendless. It is probable I should have been assisted by my relations, but accusing myself of being instrumental, by my rashness, in causing the death of my parents, I was ashamed to make myself known. Whatever blame I took to myself, then, in the freshness of my grief, for the tragedy in question, I stand now fully acquitted by reflection, in the court of conscience. When a father forgets his duty towards his child, the consequences of his departure from wisdom must lie upon him : mine, on the subject of marriage, was unjust and tyrannical : he measured the law of my obedience by the standard of parental, not of filial sensation ; for he had received the forgiveness of his father

for a stolen marriage; but, instead of imitating his conduct, he followed the brutal example of Sir George More, and would have destroyed the happiness of his child."

Here I shall take leave, for the consideration of cruel parents, to illustrate Macdonald's allusion to Sir George More. The poet, Donne, when secretary to Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, formed an attachment, which became mutual, to the niece of Lady Ellesmere, and they were privately married. Sir George More, her father, had no pity for the romantic passion, with which the writer of such breathing lines as these, could inspire the female breast:

" Stay, oh, sweet! and do not rise:  
The light that shines comes from thine eyes;  
The day breaks not—it is my heart,  
Because that you and I must part.  
Stay, or else my joys will die,  
And perish in their infancy."

He not only refused to support the two lovers, but insisted on the Chancellor's driving Donne from his protection. Yet Dr. Donne was a man of such genius and talent as to attract afterwards, the notice of his King, and to

r of

St. Dunstan's in the West, and dean of St. Paul's. Their marriage deserves to be recorded in the catalogue of happy matches. When Donne accompanied Sir Robert Drury on an embassy to France, Mrs. Donne, with an attachment as romantic as her husband's fancy, formed the design of going with him as a page.

"Filled with doubt and perplexity," continued Macdonald, "as to my future course of life, I stood, late one night, lost in thought, on the banks of the Clyde. The lamps of heaven's palaces may have glittered over my head, with all the brilliancy of winter splendour; in the blue firmament which may have appeared above me like a hanging sea, my fancy might have pictured them celestial light-houses; and the clear purple flood of the majestically moving Clyde might have called forth, in like manner, my poetical recollections: but who ever thought of the beauties of nature in a state of mind similar to mine? No! I forgot all the loveliness of a clear winter night; the silver moon could not charm away my melancholy. I looked into the rolling water, where I saw nothing to cheer me but its destructive power. 'Oh, that

I were chained to thy bottom,' said I, 'there would soon be an end of my miserable life.' 'Friendship and hope forbid such an experiment,' exclaimed a voice just behind me, and in a moment I was locked in the arms of Hector Wilson.

" 'Tell me nothing,' said he, 'I know all your sad story. You were not a moment out of my mind: but body cannot fly, like thought. It was impossible for me to see you sooner; never shall we part more.' He whistled shrilly, and in a moment a boat rounded the point on which I stood: into it we leapt, and in a short time I was on the deck of a handsome cutter.

" Meanwhile Hector had informed me, that on the night of my departure from Edinburgh, in consequence of a letter from his unknown banker, he had gone to the old place of meeting, at Leith. 'I had not remained on the spot,' said Wilson, 'five minutes, when a majestic figure of a man, enveloped in a cloak, approached me.' 'I am thy father,' said he, in a hollow sepulchral tone of voice; 'follow me.' I was awe-struck to silence; he waved a short sword, which

had been at first concealed under his cloak, and moved off in a slow, stately manner. I assumed the same step, as though by magic impulse. On coming to the quay, he whistled, and the oars of a boat were raised; I followed him into it, and we were soon on board the cutter, that you see lying before you. The crew, a bold, ferocious looking set of men, surrounded us on the deck, and followed my father, who, as I guessed, was their captain, to the cabin. ‘Hector Wilson,’ said my father, ‘are you willing to follow the fortune of the brave?’ ‘I am,’ was my instantaneous reply. ‘Thou art of my blood,’ cried he; and throwing off his cloak, he fondly embraced me, without shedding a tear, yet with deep feeling. ‘Read that paper,’ continued my father, ‘and swear to it; not on a book, but by depositing your honour on this hanger, which is now your own.’

“In fact, Hector went on, and informed me how he swore; and how the cutter instantly sailed; and how he prevailed on his father to return, after a short cruize, when he learned all the particulars of my fate, and traced me out. In short, I found

that Hector now belonged to a formidable association of smugglers, who had such communication with the ports of Glasgow and Edinburgh, as to carry on a lucrative, but imminently dangerous trade, with good hope, that for ever success would attend them.

“ Wilson also explained to me the cause of his father’s mysterious conduct. ‘ My mother,’ said he, ‘ was not killed, as I thought, by mutineers; but she lost her life in a desperate defence made by my father, against a surprise by one of his Majesty’s revenue boats. He was boarded by them most unexpectedly; my mother rushed out of the cabin, on hearing the noise, and received a death-blow in the struggle. He then placed me, his only child, at school, determining to give me a profession; but finding the bent of my mind to be like his own, he changed his intention.’ This accounted for what was extraordinary in old Wilson’s conduct; for had Hector embraced a profession, he never would have known who or what his father was.

“ When we gained the deck of the Sally cutter, her officers were regaling themselves with



song and wine. Wilson took me below, into a sort of cuddy, where I could see, through a half-open door, five stout fellows at a round table, with glasses and bottles before them, one of whom was, with a good sea voice, singing these words." And Macdonald sang them, as Chaucer describes, "entuned in his nose full sweetly."

### SONG.

#### MY SHIP'S MY BRIDE.

" My ship's my bride, the sea's my bed;  
My curtains are the sky;  
A blood-red flag streams o'er my head—  
Thus may I live and die.

See! see! my Sally's bosom swells  
To Nature's moving tide:  
Beats there a heart no rapture tells,  
To eye my beauteous bride?

And when she breaks from anchor's sleep,  
Oh! with what grace she walks,  
Like Venus rising from the deep—  
Hear! hear her! how she talks!

Her white robe, like her bosom, swells,  
Full, round, expanding wide:  
Beats there a heart no rapture tells,  
To eye my beauteous bride?"

We gave our entertaining Dugald a round of boisterous applause, and he proceeded thus:

" When the song was done, the five started up, and taking their glasses, and holding them high, joined in a full chorus—

" A very good song, and very well sung,  
Jolly companions every one.  
We're the boys," &c.

" We now joined them. However, it would make my story too long to describe these worthies: let it suffice for me to inform you, that I became one of the association; bound by a most sacred oath never to reveal our acts. I must, in justice to my conscience, therefore, be silent on a very prolific subject. That our exploits were hazardous, and required brave spirits, witness this gash across my face, which is only one of several that I bear on my body. Old Wilson died, at last, full of years, and he has the ocean for his honourable grave. His brave son, my noble friend Hector, fell in these arms, fighting against overwhelming numbers. The command was left with me, but fortune forsook us, and treachery broke us up. Deprived of my accustomed resources, I again aimed at recruiting my exhausted purse on the road. Let me be brief: I was taken—condemned to

die; and I should have been tucked up—the fate of many a better man—if the generosity of my conduct, in saving the life of my prosecutor, had not pleaded for the partial extension of royal mercy to me: partial, I call it, because my sentence was only changed to transportation for life, which I commuted to a soldier's banishment.”

But, pray, said I, what became of your lovely Flora? Was Hector really enamoured of her, as well as yourself?

“ My suspicion on that point,” answered Macdonald, “ was entirely groundless. He saw that I was captivated; if he had been so, such was the nobility of his mind, that I am convinced he would not have taken any advantage of me. In fact, I believe he had sufficient generosity to make all selfishness obey the dictates of real friendship: I am sure he would have conquered himself to save me. But Flora was in love before we rescued her from death; she married the man of her heart; and, to the best of my knowledge, he still enjoys the happiness it was in her power to bestow. I might have blasted their felicity, without increasing my own; I might have carried

Flora off; but if I had been such a villain, I could not have been so completely blessed in friendship, as a reward for disappointment in love. I adored Flora too much, not to make her happiness the object of my own. Such is the disinterestedness of true affection."

#### RICHARD GODFREY.

THERE was nothing very remarkable in the appearance of Richard. I shall, therefore, let him tell his own story, without any descriptive exordium :

" My father and mother were in easy circumstances, and in the best society. We had a handsome house in the agreeable town of ——— ; and as my father had been once in the army, he courted the military of the place, so that we had a constant variety of elegance and fashion at our table. I have heard my mother say that our income was about four hundred a-year; but I know this of my own knowledge, that we spent double as much annually, for a length of time. Indeed it was privately whispered, that nearly all the current

expenses of our establishment were discharged by the card-table.

“ I must acknowledge that my parents were immoderately fond of whist; they seemed to exist only when at play; then their energies were fully excited, and the rest of life was a listless kind of slumber. Before I had attained the age of ten, my passion for cards was great, and my skill at several games very considerable. Children, from their imitative powers, almost inevitably acquire the habits of their parents. There may be some exceptions, it is true, but they only prove the existence of general rules. There was enough of honey in my examples to render them perfectly delicious to youthful taste; so that by the time my education was finished, I had become so fond of expensive living, and downright gaming, as to be perfectly competent, by my own amusements, to absorb my father's whole revenue.

“ He designed me for the army; but feeling it inconvenient, he would not purchase a commission for me, having a promise from high authority that I should be appointed to an ensigncy.

I saw the Gazette teeming with promotions every Saturday, but my name had not yet appeared. Meanwhile I rattled about with the young officers in our town, being considered as one of themselves, and caressed as a spirited and promising young fellow; for it ever happens among thoughtless, extravagant fools, that he who displays the greatest folly receives the highest approbation. Nevertheless, my father and mother often found their parental affections so highly excited, by my wasteful spirit, as to lecture me with animated countenances on economical principles. But he is a good sermon-maker who can follow his own doctrine: they went on in the old way; so did I.

“At length my father began to despair of the performance of a promise at the Horse-Guards, and sent me to London, for the purpose of presenting a memorial to the Commander-in-chief. No respectable person finds it difficult, if acquainted with the forms, to gain admission to the presence of the Duke of York. I was received by his Royal Highness with great condescension and politeness; he alleged the multiplicity of applications and promises, of prior date to mine, as the reason of my

not appearing in the Gazette; and shewed me a list of names for ensigncies, in which I saw my own so far down, that I left his office with a face unilluminated by a beam of hope.

“ Like other young men, I had a tolerably good opinion of my own ingenuity. I had treasured up some of the peevish remarks made by father and mother, as to the burthensome nature of my extravagance. ‘ Now,’ said I to myself, ‘ thou art in London, Dick, where whoever has the brains of Whittington may turn a cat into a Lord Mayor.’ In short, instead of returning home, I went into a gaming-house. I soon became an object of attention to the black-leg fraternity: they saw, or suspected, that I had little to lose; and that I was not loaded with the philosophy of moral sentiment. I was, in fact, after a successful noviciate, admitted into their college, and schooled in all the science of our order. The secrets of London hells, however, are not permitted to be revealed to ears of common flesh and blood; it is enough to say, that many a chicken we plucked, and that, at last, we nearly all became victims to deceitful confidence. I was, not-

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withstanding all my ingenuity, sentenced to transportation for life ; which affords me this opportunity of leaving you to extract useful instruction from my story, by reflecting on this truth, that our misfortunes in life, our crimes, and excesses, are often to be traced to errors in education, and to parental follies.

“ My father, apparently, would not acknowledge a vagabond as his son. Whether this were really his feeling, or whether my letters reached him when his head was too full of whist, he never answered them, nor made an exertion to save me.”

In reflecting on Godfrey's tale, the subjoined observation occurs. Moralists, in general, regard parental affection as the ground of filial obedience and love. They do so, I think, on a natural principle ; every thing creates its own likeness ; but we never see reaction in dissimilitude. Will the negative of affection generate its positive ? No. Dick felt little love for his parents, because they did not inspire it ; they did not create it in his mind. Much sentimental nonsense is written about obligations to parents for



circumstance of birth. In reality, a child owes his father nothing on that head. What does he owe him, if subjected to misery through subsequent neglect? It is for their care of us, and for giving us a second birth in education, morality, and religion, that we are indebted to our parents in gratitude, love, and almost adoration; this debt was never felt, rarely incurred, without being paid. I remark this, not to defend filial impiety, but to enforce parental care. He who has given an immortal soul to inhabit a tenement of clay, should be careful that so frail a habitation be well secured, and erected on ground so firm, that its tenant may not be destroyed by elemental convulsions; for he who does not take such precautions incurs responsibility more awful than that of the attendant on a light-house, who may cause shipwreck by neglecting its illumination.

In the relation of father and son, duties and feelings are reciprocal: they are formed by nature for mutual support; but I deny the assertion, that father and son are intended by nature to be the most perfect friends. Are their feelings alike? No. Are their ages alike? No. Are they fond

of the same amusements? No. Are they equally candid and credulous? There is all the difference that lies between age and youth. Then they cannot be, strictly speaking, bosom friends. One is a superior, the other an inferior: one is a governor, the other governed. Is there any equality? No. The one is a giver, the other a receiver. Father and son, however, are mutual supports. When the Roman Daughter fed her father, and sustained his life, under sentence of starvation, the senate were so much pleased, that a temple was dedicated to filial piety, and that virtue was considered as the most inherent in human nature. But were they not altogether in error? If it were an innate principle, there would not be so many laws of God and man to enforce performance. A Grecian lawgiver gave parricide no place in his catalogue of punishments, because he supposed that such an atrocious crime against Nature's law could never be perpetrated. Man's frailty, however, has rendered necessary as many restraints on the parental side as on the filial. In short, it is my conviction, that as many bad parents have lived, as there have been graceless children.

## FREEMAN JENKINS.

FREEMAN JENKINS was in possession of a pleasing person, with a sarcastic turn of countenance, which imparted to what he said a degree of interest and spirit, not possible to be transferred with it to paper. His age might be about five-and-thirty.

“My parents died when I was a child. I fell into the hands of a relation, who gave me the best education his circumstances permitted, and in my fifteenth year, bound me to an apothecary in the town of ———, not one hundred miles from Dublin.

“The characteristic eccentricities of my master, whom I shall call Doctor Nativo, were the general topic of conversation. He wore a full-bottomed wig, powdered to perfection, and a hat which would have done honour to the gravest of heads. Summer and winter he paraded the streets, enveloped in a capacious cloak of bright-coloured tartan; above which appeared the powdered capes of black coats and waistcoats, with a profusion of snow-coloured linen; and a gold-set eyeglass dangling from a black ribbon; and below, a

pair of highly-polished boots, with brown tops, that never crossed a horse. His fine, silver-headed cane he poised with prodigious effect: in his air and march there was high self-satisfaction; and busy importance sat in his every look. For all disorders he prescribed our native specific—whisky; it was to be used internally and externally, cold and hot, burnt and raw, concentrated and sublimated. He had the oil of whisky, the purest essence of whisky, the quintessence of whisky, double-distilled whisky, the spirits of whisky, infusion of whisky, and whisky in pills, and whisky in boluses, and whisky in every possible form: in short, whisky was to him a panacea.

“Nor did Dr. Nativo prescribe for others what he refused to take himself: he sipped whisky as tea for breakfast, as broth for dinner, and as an opiate for supper. Our Catholic bishop was one of his best patients; he was a jolly Falstaff-like priest, with a huge face, under a mighty wig and hat. A stream of snuff gave a full, brown colour to his black waistcoat and long frock. He supported his right-reverend body with a right-wor-

shipful staff; and, puffing along, he generally called three or four times a-day at our shop. It baffles all description how he would souse himself into a great arm-chair, and throw himself back quite in an exhausted state; and how Dr. Nativo would fly to him, grasp his pulse with the right fore-finger and thumb, cock his glass left-handedly in his face—‘My dear bishop, you just require a slight stimulant,’ giving a significant grin.—‘My dear doctor, I believe I do,’ shaking his portentous head, and swallowing a cherried-devil. I did not stay long enough with the doctor to see much of his practice; but I was informed by the sexton, who received half-a-crown for every grave, that Dr. Nativo was one of his very best friends. Whisky I then detested, though I have since overcome my strong prejudice; therefore, I disliked my master’s breakfasts, dinners, and suppers: in short, in a few days I became one of the most hungry, long-faced, melancholy pounders of medicine that ever stood over pestle and mortar. ‘D——n this work,’ said I, ‘it will kill me in a month:’ so I seized upon a few shillings that were in the till, tramped it off to Dublin, enlisted for

general service, and joined the army *dépôt* at Chatham. My master never knew the course I had taken, nor do I know or care what has become of him.

“I was immediately taken from drill by the pay-serjeant of our division, and appointed to keep his books; for he and his wife had a sort of shop, well supplied with every article which a recruit requires: their profits did not exactly equal prime cost; I sometimes, however, thought their's was a better trade than coining, and my ambition began to aim at rising to a similar post. The serjeant was a long-faced, wide-mouthed, thin, tall young man; his wife was a plump, little, pretty-faced, purple-nosed, fiery-eyed woman. He was a smart, good soldier, but a henpecked husband; she, to what has immortalized the wife of Socrates, added the thirst of a mistress of Bacchus. They led a deplorable life, which gave me such an aversion to matrimony, that it was long before I could think of the noose, without feeling like a man going to be hanged. There was a something worth relating in her history.

“She was the natural daughter of a major,

who gave her a good education. It was his intention to acknowledge her, and to introduce her into life as his daughter; but a cold principle of pride counteracted the generous feeling, and poor Maria was brought up as a servant. She went by another name, though she knew that she was a major's offspring. She shed her sorrows in floods of tears, till familiarity with grief in private crazed the tone of her mind; then she sought relief in stimulants; and as habits are formed by imperceptible repetitions, at last she became a confirmed and obstinate dram-drinker, being supplied by the smuggling females, who introduce gin into barracks by secreting it in bladders under their petticoats. Meanwhile, her husband, who was then on the recruiting-service, courted her acquaintance, and they were married. The interest of the major with one of the staff-captains at Chatham, procured a good situation for his humble son-in-law, had he known how to convert it into happiness.

“I left poor Maria and her husband, however, in a perfect hell upon earth, and embarked on board an Indiaman for Bombay, having been

handed over to the East-India Company. The bustle on board I need not describe. We sailed full of hope. I was, I believe, the most youthful soldier of seventy on board our vessel; yet Colonel —, who commanded the troops, appointed me to act as his principal non-commissioned officer, issuing orders and regulations nearly the same as we have had promulgated in this vessel.

“ By the time we reached Madeira, the characters of all on board were displayed. The recruits in general were unwilling to do even what they knew was ordered for their good: it had been found necessary to make several examples, before any sort of discipline could be introduced amongst them. The colonel seemed to be angry with me for not reporting even the appearance of disobedience directly to him; yet he would occasionally act as my schoolmaster, teaching me useful lessons, and showing his regard by giving me preserved fruit and wine. Having a considerable portion of vanity, I therefore carried myself very arrogantly to those who envied me. Still I winked at many things, particularly at the sale of grog. In short, I not only winked at this disobedience,



but sold my own, in order to buy water from the steward. A man who had received a starting, one day, for refusing to pump the ship, in revenge complained to the colonel that I had sold grog to a sailor. 'Have you done so?' demanded the colonel. I, like most boys, permitted to mix with the rabble in Ireland, had no fixed principles on the most important point of morality, a strict regard to truth; I therefore answered, 'No, Sir;' but as I trembled and reddened, the colonel suspected my veracity. 'Of all things,' said he, 'a young soldier should value his honour.' I wished to retract, but false shame urged me forward. Such is the state of morals among the lower classes in Ireland. Lying is common; nay, our courts of justice prove that even perjury is so: yet, an uneducated Irish lad of spirit, when he has once told a lie, which he does not hesitate to do, feels like the Spartan boy, who suffered the fox he had stolen to tear his bowels out, rather than discover that the proof of his guilt was beneath his cloak. This was my feeling: I strove to preserve consistency: an inquiry took place: the sailor to whom I had sold the

grog was called into the colonel's cabin, and positively denied having bought any from me; but, upon being questioned by his own captain, he instantly confessed the fact. 'Take off your stripes,' said the colonel; and I slunk away, to receive a greater punishment from self-reproach than my superior had power to inflict."

Ah! thought I, when I heard this interesting disclosure; let every one dread the tribunal of his own breast.—"Pray, sir, how did you become a gentleman?" demands young Rapid, in *The Cure for the Heart-Ache*.—"Simply, by never committing an action that would not bear reflection," answers young Stanley; and such should be the aim of man.

"I continued for some time," said Jenkins, "out of favour; but the colonel restored me to his confidence and my rank, one evening, on parade, when he observed to the men, that he often made it a rule to forgive the first offence, in the hope of opening a path to future good conduct. I was now doubly on the alert to please, and, fearless of any discovery in my own conduct, boldly arraigned that of others. We had got round the Cape of Good Hope, and time was

passing very pleasantly. However, a most unexpected stroke of fortune again interrupted the course of my prosperity.

“One day I saw one of the soldiers in the waste, seated on the booms, setting and cleaning some handsome penknives for the chief-officer: there were five of them. I looked at them, with a crowd of observers around, and after admiring and returning them to the person from whom I had received them, I went to the other side of the deck. Some time after, the knife-setter came up, and told me he had lost one of the knives; that I was the only person seen handling them, and insinuated that I had taken it. I was naturally indignant at the slander—altercation followed, and I complained to the colonel of the man that presumed to accuse me: he was brought to a court-martial.

“When the trial came on, I stated briefly the matter of fact, and the language used by the prisoner to me, and proved the same. He, being put upon his defence, admitted all I had alleged against him; but called evidences who proved and corroborated each other in the statement,

that five knives were seen in my hand—that only four were observed afterwards—that no other person handled or touched the said knives—that all due search was made among the booms, lest one should have fallen down, or got into some chink; but they all denied having seen me pocket the knife, or carry it away in my hand, or use any motion or means by which I could have concealed it. They admitted that I had not gone off the deck before the accusation was made, and allowed, that it was barely possible I could carry the knife away, without their seeing it: in short, the prisoner was acquitted, and I was involved and tried.

“Strong in conscious innocence, I could not suppose that any one would believe me guilty. I made a most earnest defence, and endeavoured to discover the truth, by every argument and device that untutored ingenuity could suggest. I pleaded my cause naturally, and therefore powerfully; representing to the president and members the improbability that any man would venture, with numerous eyes bent on the hand in which he held the knives that he received from the person who

had charge of them, who was also looking at him all the time they remained in his hand, and to whom they were returned, to attempt such an act as that of which I was accused. My arguments, urged with the earnestness and dignity of truth, made a strong impression on the understanding of the court, which was long in coming to a decision.

“ In the mean time, I was kept in awful suspense, and my mind was in the utmost perplexity. I expected that a parade would, as usual, be ordered, the proceedings read, and the sentence promulgated; but, on the third day, as I was sitting in a melancholy state of mind on the poop, sometimes looking up to heaven for comfort, and sometimes wishing myself at the bottom of the blue ocean, the adjutant approached me. ‘The colonel,’ said he, ‘has directed me to communicate to you the sentence of the court-martial, of which I was president; it is, that you be reduced, and receive three hundred lashes; but the colonel, from motives of pity and regard to your extreme youth, remits the corporal punishment.’ Indignation at hearing the sen-

tence had kept me silent and-tearless ; but gratitude now swelled my heart, and, bursting into the colonel's cabin, and seizing his hand, I bathed it with tears. I then retired, and mixed among the crowd of beholders almost distracted. My misfortunes restored me, however, to favour with the worthy part of my companions ; they now remembered all the little kind acts I had done, and the provocation I had received for harsh ones. My inexperience was brought up as an apology for many things which had procured me ill-will ; and it was clearly seen, that a knowing-one had come the old soldier over a raw recruit."

I should have compressed these details of Jenkins's history, had they not appeared to me pregnant with useful instruction for young adventurers. What has been described, teaches how necessary it is, in commanding others, to mix gentleness of manner with the austerity of discipline. It is much safer, and much easier, to secure the obedience of man by love than by fear. The unfortunate youth, however, who may meet with adverse gales in the commencement of his trip, should never despair of overcoming fortune :

many circumstances which may appear to him destructive of his prospects, in their practical effects assist materially in filling his flowing sails, and forwarding his views. "From tribulation," saith the preacher, "cometh patience, from patience experience, and from experience hope."

In reference to the court-martial, I have to remark, that it warns young military officers, and, indeed, all men intrusted with the administration of justice, how cautiously they should receive circumstantial evidence, and how firmly they should resist conclusions formed from surmises, which, in their effects, destroy character, blast hope, and inflict disgraceful punishment. How nobly benevolent is that maxim of English law, which says, it is better that ten guilty persons escape, than one innocent suffer. Corporal punishment sinks a man in his own estimation so much, that it is a question whether the indignation arising from innocence would steel the mind with fortitude sufficient to preserve hope, after such disgrace.

Twenty years' experience convinces me, that flogging makes the good bad, and the bad worse.

Proper pride is the parent of valour, which arises from courage and reflection; but how can a soldier feel proud in the thought, that one day he may be crowned with laurel, and the next have his back marked with stripes like a slave? The school for a warrior should be one of emulation: there are, in the British army, noble rewards, and the road is open to struggling merit, even to the highest degree of rank and fame. Why should a candidate, deemed worthy of entertaining the highest hopes, be subject to the vilest punishment? It is assertion without argument, that our troops would be unmanageable, without a cat-o'-nine-tails *in terrorem*. They are men: the history of the world proves that brave men require no such treatment, and time has never produced braver soldiers than our's. I have known regiments entirely demoralized by a system of flogging. In a particular *corps* that came under my observation, and which for some time bore the nick-name of the bloody regiment, the consequence of this system was, that all sense of shame was worn away, and every blackguard made it a boast of manhood that he had received thousands of lashes on his



back, and on the calves of his legs, nay, on the fleshy part of his thighs: he who could name the greatest number considered himself the most honourable soldier.

On the other hand, I have known regiments in which a drummer had scarcely ever been subjected to the hatred of an executioner: the good men were so happily encouraged, that vice was put out of countenance, and found no refuge in opinion; every man became a censor and a juror, answerable for the conduct of his comrade, and active in supporting the honour and character of his *corps*. A wise commanding-officer can find other punishments than the lash, when rewards and the hope of preferment fail to preserve discipline. He knows that a base punishment, if often resorted to, will be little dreaded: his principle of commanding is, to keep the minds and bodies of his men in a constant state of activity, agitated by hope, firm in their reliance on his justice and mercy, and certain of reward for meritorious conduct, as well as of deserved punishment for dereliction of duty.

I am, however, fully aware, that in the present

state of the British army it would be a hazardous experiment to abolish, totally, the punishment of the cat. The army is now under such wise regulations and restrictions, as to merit high praise, in comparison with a period twenty-five years ago, and it may be hoped that, in the diffusion of principles of proper pride, with education, among our gallant peasantry, a higher feeling will render corporal punishment altogether improper.

"I joined my regiment," continued Freeman Jenkins, "and, notwithstanding all that had happened to me, I soon gained the first object of my wishes, in being advanced to the rank of a pay-serjeant. In that situation I acquitted myself well, making so much money by fair trade, that my income was half as good as my captain's. In the course of some years, I was advanced to the rank of quarter-master-serjeant, which is a post, in India, where a prudent man may feather himself speedily. The commanding-officer has the power of throwing the cap of Fortunatus to the quarter-master when he pleases. Our colonel gave my immediate superior leave, under the rose,

to sell arrack to the soldiers, at any price he thought proper: I kept his canteen, and received a handsome per centage on all I sold. It is true, drunkenness was thus encouraged in the *corps*, but I believe the service was not injured by it; for, when soldiers have money, they will spend it; and if we had not supplied them with good liquor, they would have been furnished with deleterious arrack by the natives, and a greater number of victims would have fallen to diseases generated by intemperance. As the quarter-master gained by this trade about one hundred pounds a month, in a few years he made a handsome independence, and went home. It was whispered that he shared with the commanding-officer, but I cannot vouch for the correctness of report: I know this—he shared with me.

“ Meanwhile, I had conducted myself so prudently in the *corps*, that I was promoted to a conductorship in the commissariat department, by far the most lucrative part of the service. Our commissary knew very well what he was about: while making his own fortune, he did not prevent us from making our’s: in short, such a system of

downright fraud was carried on; that I began to consider myself a great rogue. It was impossible for the auditor-general to detect us. All the requisite certificates and documents were produced: the commissary was like the unjust steward in Scripture, he wrote one thing and said another. To illustrate this, I give you an anecdote:—

“The rupee bears different values in different parts of India, so that it is necessary to announce its current price in orders. We were in the field; all our followers were paid at a rate different from the currency, by which the commissary gained twelve per cent. on a very large sum. The paymaster of the king’s regiment, with us, inclined to be a clipper of coin, issued the rupee at the same rate to his *corps*; but his surgeon, being in direct communication with the pay-office, ascertained the value at which it had been paid by government. An explosion ensued; he lost his commission as paymaster; and the commissary would certainly have been implicated, but for his address, and the manner in which the paymaster’s business was hushed up. Our head ordered his native manager to assemble all the

followers, take the blame on himself, and stop their mouths with gold mohurs—for there was no public inquiry or court-martial on the paymaster, to arouse suspicion respecting the commissary. The paymaster's wife was a lovely woman, with a large family of children: to serve her, and enable her to draw pension, her husband was reported to be dead!

“But narrow escapes never deter the fox from returning: another explosion drove us all from our posts; we were ordered to the presidency, and the commissary and his native agent were arraigned, on a long list of charges, in the Recorder's Court. Ye gods! I think I yet hear Counsellor Macklin, the advocate-general, addressing the jury! He was a little, stout man, with a thundering voice, and his usual style of oratory was vehement enough; but when the jury acquitted the prisoners on three indictments, for want of sufficient evidence, the judge-advocate stormed so with rage, that I thought he would have battered the court-house to atoms with furious blows. ‘Should you acquit them,’ said he, ‘upon this charge’—and he looked at judge and

jury fearfully, and retired as far as he could—‘I shall respect your verdict’—again he paused and gazed; then running forward, he struck the desk with tremendous force—‘but I shall have the utmost contempt for your understandings.’

“They did acquit them of all and every charge: but I was frightened out of health by all I heard, and, procuring a sick-certificate, I hied home with a handsome little fortune. I found no difficulty in effecting my discharge from the service. My prospects were now good; I had acceptances on a house in London, at eighteen months’ date, for £5,000; a sum fully sufficient for my wants: but, alas! it has been often said, ‘there is nothing certain’—before my bills became due, the house in London failed, and I never recovered any part of my ill-gotten property.

“My efforts to subsist in London would have been successful, if I had not met my unhappy fate; if I had not again been convicted of a crime I never committed: in short, I was positively sworn to as having been concerned in a felony I know no more of than you do. It was not in my

power to disprove imagined identity; my assertions were discredited:—you seem to disbelieve me too; nevertheless, my statement is no fiction: such things have happened, and will happen again.”

## Nº. IV.

## THE YOUNG OFFICER.

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“ If e'er my son

Follow the war, tell him it is a school  
Where all the principles tending to honour  
Are taught, if truly followed.”

MASSINGER.

IN the portfolio sent me by my friend Thoughtless, there is a hiatus in his history: it is necessary for me, therefore, briefly to state that he soon rose to an ensigncy. His campaigns are described from his own journal in my “*Fifteen Years in India* ;” to which I refer the reader for the particulars of his life whilst in that country, should he feel interested in the subject. Such matter as his portfolio contains—such further sketches and tales respecting India as I think will afford further entertainment—such information respect-



ing the manners and customs of that interesting country, as may be really useful—I now submit for perusal.

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On my arrival in India I was much shocked by the discovery that an inveterate habit of drunkenness characterized the Européan soldiers. Each man receives two drams of spirits with his daily ration; and many think this allowance necessary for the preservation of health.

Were it not fact, well-known to experience, that every opinion may find advocates in the credulity or selfishness of mankind, we might wonder that the practice of stimulating Europeans, in a hot climate, with spirits, could be now tolerated. The climate of India requires an anti-febrile regimen: in it nothing conduces more to health than temperance. A habit of drunkenness, however, is inevitably produced by the distribution of a daily ration of arrack or rum; the man who drinks his allowance soon feels an increased desire, and becomes an habitual dram-drinker. Indeed, it is this gift from Government

which constitutes the **great** difference between the circumstances of a private soldier in India and in England. To it may be attributed the waste of body and mind, which an observer has to lament ; for it occasions in every regiment a contraband sale of spirits, that no discipline can prevent.

A drunkard will continue his intoxication till he reduces himself to the lowest state of poverty ; for every morning, after his debauch, he feels, what is vulgarly called in India, “the horrors,” or an indescribable longing for a fresh stimulant—“a hair of the dog that bit him.” At last, when he has made away with all his necessities, lain for some time in the guard-house or hospital, perhaps after being flogged, he *kegs*, as they call it ; that is, he takes an oath not to drink a dram for a month, or some particular period ; during which he sells his allowance at a great profit to his comrades, and refits himself. I had a full opportunity of seeing the effect of this destructive practice in the first regiment I joined. It had been commanded by an officer so ignorant of his profession, that, for a common manœuvre, he required a card

in his glove. He could, however, form the hollow square; and, for a considerable time, the average of corporal punishment was seventeen thousand lashes *per mensem*. Under his successor discipline was improved, and punishment diminished; yet, though he was a most vigorous and excellent commanding-officer, he never could prevent the demoralizing effects which the contraband sale of liquor produced in the *corps*.

Another general observation which I made, was on the almost total want of religious instruction afforded to the troops; for the Sabbath was never noticed, except by hoisting the flag at head-quarters. Such inattention to the spiritual welfare of the soldiery is much to be deplored. In short, the only clergyman I saw for five years, was one who attempted to cut his own throat. He was in the habit, when a friend called to see him, of shutting his door, ordering his boy to bring a pair of pistols and six bottles of wine, and of then giving a choice of two evils to the visitor. It may be said, that, as a bishop now presides over the church-establishment in India, the duties of religion are, of course, duly performed. Since

that dignitary went out to Calcutta, however, armies with which I served have been in the field for two years, and I never saw the face of a reverend gentleman, or heard the word of God preached in camp. Europeans, in the interior of India, are, in fact, more likely to become Hindoos than to continue Christians; if there be any truth in the observation, that what is frequently submitted to the eye makes an impression on the mind.

I was at first amazed at all I saw; but familiarity, by degrees, blunted the edge of surprise; and I imperceptibly slid into that state of mind suited to my new manner of life. Man is a creature of imitation; and, if he possess not some rare peculiarities, he will follow the allurements of example. I was fond of literary pursuits, and to that fondness I attribute my not sinking into the state of those around me.

Notwithstanding all I have said, the British army is, even in the luxurious East, a school in which every thing may be learned, not only tending to honour, but to the perfection of man. From the officers I derived the advantage of a

circulating library; ~~from~~<sup>at</sup> the band I acquired a proficiency in music; among the *leggers* I found an under-graduate from Oxford, who imbued me with classical erudition; and in the adjutant I discovered a sound mathematician, who often wasted the midnight lamp over the *data* of Euclid, and who possessed a scientific knowledge of his profession.

Profound peace, for a long time after my arrival in India, shed a slumber over the vast extent of Hindostan. The Marquis of Wellesley, with almost magic influence, had waved the wand of talent over the boisterous ocean of eastern politics, and quieted the storm which threatened to drive the Albion from the shores of Brahma, never more to return with hostile banner. That statesman had gone home, to reinforce the host of able men around the throne of his sovereign; but the salutary effects of his administration, ill-understood by the capacities which succeeded him, were soon evident, in the happy security of life and property which universally prevailed. I changed quarters with my *corps* around the Carnatic; and in every spot the

scenes of British glory met my eye, and awoke recollections which here called forth the expression of an exulting and admiring heart, and there excited the flowing tear to fall on the illustrious dead. In one district, Lawrence roused the soul; in another, Baillie sank the spirit into a melancholy so deep, that Coote and Clive were forgotten. At Trichinopoly—a place rendered memorable by the siege it sustained against the French and their allies from 1751 to 1755, immortalizing the names of Lawrence, Clive, Kilpatrick, and Dalton—I remained a considerable time.

“There,” said the adjutant, “is Golden-Rock, so famous for the victory gained over the French in 1753, by Major Lawrence, with only 380 Europeans, and 500 sepoys. You see the strength of that position?” continued he, extending his arm towards it.

“It is a natural fortress,” answered I, surveying it attentively.

“The French grenadiers and sepoys crowned it with their bayonets. Behind was drawn up, under Monsieur Astruc, one of the finest batta-

lions in the service of his royal master, far superior in numbers to the British regiment. His artillery, from the right and left, were firing on the English, supported by the whole Mysore army ranged at a little distance, and the Mahratta cavalry, who were capering with their long spears and targets, and occasionally making charges on our flanks, to intimidate and create confusion."

"And how did Major Lawrence act under such extraordinary circumstances?" said I.

"In the centre of his small square, from which his cannon vomited terror," replied my instructor, "he was surrounded by his officers. 'Let us charge them,' said this gallant soldier.—'Huzza!' was the reply.—'My lads,' continued he, 'I will give you a fair knock at the Frenchmen on the plain.' His grenadiers charged the rock, without returning the fire levelled at them, while the Major wheeled round the foot of it, and formed line on the left flank of the French. The brave Astruc now saw his troops precipitated from the rock, and received a volley within pistol-shot from the British grenadiers and a support of sepoys

that followed them, from its summit. He therefore wheeled away; and, to his astonishment, saw the English line within twenty paces of him with ported arms. Struck with consternation, his troops fired a volley, and received our bayonets, charged with three huzzas! They fled in the utmost confusion, nor ever returned to face their pursuers, who seized their guns and ammunition-carts. The Mahrattas made a gallant effort to cover their retreat, and pushed several charges up to our very bayonets; but they were unable to throw a single platoon into disorder; and, cut down with grape, they at length drew off to the Mysoreans, who stood stupified with amazement, leaving Ballapah, brother-in-law to Morari Row, among the numerous dead on the field. Major Lawrence remained two hours under the rock, and placed his wounded in slings; then formed a square, and, with his eight field-pieces in the angles, prepared to march towards Trichinopoly."

"And was he permitted to do so unmolested?" said I.

"He had not marched far across the plain, when ten thousand Mahratta and Mysore ca-



valry were seen galloping to charge him. The sight was terrific, and must have appalled any but veterans. They halted, and reserved their grape-shower till the enemy came close up. The front ranks were on their knees, and protected by a forest of bayonets; then the artillery opened at the rate of ten shots in a minute from each gun, like a continued roar of astounding thunder. For an instant, as it were, the effect was mute and motionless astonishment; but, finding that lightning assailed them, and seeing each other drop like rain, they went to the right-about, and galloped out of range in confusion. Thus was Trichinopoly saved by one of the most gallant enterprizes recorded in the annals of war; an enterprize which ought to teach a soldier to consider nothing impossible to courage and address: he should strike boldly when required, though, to a common eye, the result might seem hopeless as that of attempting to force the Andes from their base."

Opposite to Trichinopoly is the famous island Ingham, formed by a separation of the river into two branches, one of which, by a pro-

digious mound near the eastern end of the island, is diverted into channels to irrigate the province of Tanjore. Trichinopoly continued to be a Hindoo principality till 1736. An usurper, named Chunda Saheeb, then got possession of it by treachery; from him it was taken by the Mah-rattas in 1741; but soon afterwards it was conquered by Nizam ul Muluck, and in 1749 Mahommed Ali, Nabob of the Carnatic, came into its possession by inheritance. During all this time the celebrated pagodas on Seringham were held sacred by the Mahometans; and when the French besieged it in 1751, they occupied the outer enclosures, but never violated the inner temples; though the French army was attacked here by Major Lawrence, and compelled to surrender, after unsuccessful efforts made to keep possession of the plain. The force consisted of 845 Europeans, 2000 sepoy, and 44 pieces of cannon. The wall round the Seringham Pagoda is four miles in circumference, built of stone and lime, with four great gates. Within are six other enclosures, at the distance of 350 feet from each other, all perfectly square, with high gates facing

the four cardinal points; and the walls are all about twenty-five feet high and four thick. In the inner enclosure is the sacred and amazing pile, in the pyramidal form, rising to a great height, and occupying nearly all the square. It is in the most ancient Egyptian style of architecture, covered with sculpture, and composed of massy stones, some of them forty feet long and six feet thick. There is another pagoda about half a mile to the eastward of Seringham, called Jembikisma, which would be a wonder also, were it not so much surpassed by the one on the island. No records ascertain the time when these stupendous works were constructed; consequently imagination is left to its exercise, and the priests have fabricated the most monstrous accounts. Thousands of them are here supported by the revenues arising from pilgrimages.

It was on the march from Arcot that I passed the famous Perimbancum, where Colonel Baillie was defeated, on the 10th of September, 1780, by Tippoo Saib.

"There," said my mentor, "is the memorable spot. Hyder Alli, with an army of one hundred

thousand men, organized by the scientific Monsieur Lally, was encamped between Sir Hector Munro, who commanded the Madras army, and Colonel Baillie, who was approaching with about 2,000 sepoy from the northern Sircars. Upon the arrival of Baillie near the hostile camps, Hyder Alli detached his son, Tippoo, Meer Saib, and Lally, with 14,000 infantry, 18,000 cavalry, and twelve field-pieces to attack him. They were bravely repulsed; and Sir Hector Munro, aware of Colonel Baillie's danger (for a communication had taken place after the first attack) sent Colonel Fletcher with considerable reinforcements. That officer, by a very masterly night-march, joined him at a critical moment, and augmented his force, which then consisted of about 4,000 fighting men, 800 of whom were Europeans, and ten pieces of cannon. But Hyder Alli had now increased the attacking-army to 50,000, with fifty-seven field-pieces."

"And did Baillie stand against such numbers?"

"He continued his march in a square, with noble resolution, and those under him fought

with bravery; but the fortune of war was against them, for, their tumbrels having been blown up, and their cannon silenced, the cavalry made charges up to the bayonets, and pierced them with their long spears. Emboldened by the numbers that fell under every charge, and excited to perseverance by the presence of their warlike prince, the enemy returned continually to face the danger from which they had before so often shrunk with dismay. When man learns to look upon what he fears, he begins to despise it. Their cavalry at length pressed close upon us, and hacked away with their sabres, till our little square was reduced to a skeleton. Six hundred Europeans now lay lifeless, and so many sepoye, that the dead formed a sort of rampart round the living, when Colonel Baillie surrendered, upon a promise that he should receive honourable treatment, and that his men were to be prisoners of war; but no sooner had they laid down their arms, than their merciless conquerors cut in among them, and in cold blood butchered the brave remains of this gallant detachment. Colonel Baillie, Captain Baird, and those who sur-

wived their wounds, were carried to the fortress of Seringapatam, where the brave Baillie, it is said, was poisoned. The gallant (now Sir David) Baird was, after unparalleled sufferings for several years in the dungeons of the capital of Mysore, restored to his profession, almost the only survivor of that terrible defeat.\*

\* I do not know how many officers still survive who were taken with Colonel Baillie; but a great number of British officers who surrendered with General Matthews, and who were taken in action by Hyder Alli and his son, were long kept in the dungeons of Seringapatam; and it is a curious fact that they returned to the army in perfect health. Now, all they had to live on was a handful of rice each, every day, with water. Does not this prove the happy effects of temperance and abstemiousness in a hot climate? Sir James Macgregor, in his lectures on surgery, has noticed this fact with his usual felicity. It appears, that when these officers were taken, many of them laboured under liver complaints; they had also received horrible wounds; yet, upon getting back to their regiments, after years of confinement in a dungeon, living all the time on rice and water, they found themselves high in rank by the death of their brethren, who had cheered themselves with good old madeira, claret, champaign, and brandy, together with all the variety of a groaning table. Mark, learn, and inwardly digest this, if you go to India.

“And, good God!” exclaimed I, “could not Sir Hector Munro have formed a junction with Colonel Baillie, instead of sending a detachment under Colonel Fletcher?”

“He might have done better,” replied the adjutant; “for when he heard the first cannon fired by Baillie, if he had attacked Hyder Alli, he would have saved the detachment and gained a glorious victory. The brave Baillie, stimulated by the roar of his artillery, would have pressed forward upon the rear of his army, and the Mysoreans would have been destroyed in the terror produced by their imagination; but Munro was too cautious, and without that grandeur of soul which knows the important moment when all is to be risked to win the game. To a timid and hesitating soldier every thing is impossible, because it appears so.”

Thus do young adventurers acquire materials for profound reflections upon the art of war; which is only a trade to the common observer, while to genius it presents a boundless sphere for the range of human intellect.

Indeed, a British regiment, in any part of the

world, displays to a man fond of contemplation, a variety of subjects for the useful exercise of thought. He has under his eye a concentration of society: high life and low, vice and virtue, poverty and wealth, vanity and pride, folly and wisdom, pass in review. He may reflect with profit on the beautiful order of a well-regulated *corps*: what a fine chain of subordination, from the commanding officer down to the pioneer! what harmony! what mutual dependance! He may fortify his mind against all the mutations of rank and fortune, by perusing the lives of the officers and men of a regiment. What an interesting volume of vicissitude might be produced in every *corps*! In the ranks men are sometimes found who have figured in elevated stations; and among the officers may be individuals who have risen on the wing of merit from nought, or been favourites of lucky circumstance. What an entertaining study it is to trace rank back to its origin: descending, I have found that my Colonel once wore a thimble, and handled needles and shears, instead of the brave epaulettes he then sported, and the honourable sword with which



danger had been faced and glory gained by him since he sat cross-legged as a tailor; and ascending, I have discovered in the drunken private soldier the son of an earl, who had once been the delight of a royal court, and the theme of ladies' praises. Our major had been originally a stable-boy, whose fortune was made by a wager which the general, his master, laid with a friend, that he would make an excellent officer. The following sketches, from reality, will prove what I have asserted in description.

#### ENSIGN THE HON. C. T——.

THE Hon. Charles T—— was the fourth son of the wealthy Earl W——. He was educated at Oxford. When I knew him as an ensign, he was about forty-five years of age; his person was the wreck of one who had once possessed strength and beauty. How changed! He was an emaciated, nervous, tottering invalid; his mind had sunk to the level of his body: the one was weak, the other vapid. He had not sufficient retention or tenacity of brain to remember in the evening what happened in the morning. His intellect was

not deranged, but it had evaporated; he had no reflective powers; his proper pride was gone; he would associate and intoxicate himself with private soldiers: in short, he had brutified himself by debauchery, which pampers the noble faculties of man but for destruction. When he had not a glass of strong brandy-and-water, which he called a *stiffener*, before him, he was perhaps the most miserable of mankind. I traced his history, and find it briefly this:—

His father was indulgent, even to an excess of blind fondness; he supplied his prodigality with dangerous fuel, taking the blaze his folly made for the transient flame of youthful spirit. Indicative, however, as that flame was in Prince Henry, of the fermentation of a great mind, it should not be relied on as a criterion. In the Hon. Charles T—— the consequence of its appearance was the destruction of a father's hope. On being introduced into life, he adopted all the fashionable follies of the noble circle in which fortune had placed him. He was fleeced at gaming-tables; outwitted on the turf; but he solaced himself with outshining the bucks of St. James's.

At length, the purse of his father was touched too deeply: Charles was restricted to a moderate allowance; but he lived in dashing style whilst credit lasted. He fluttered at Queen Charlotte's drawing-rooms, and appeared the gayest of the gay at every assembly. His debts in a short time became formidable; but a public situation, to which the interest of his father procured his appointment, quieted apprehension, and those who had trusted him lived in hope.

His irregularity and devotion to pleasure, however, rendered him totally unfit for business; but just as he was on the point of losing his post, his aunt, old Lady Mary T——, died. His brothers were well provided for; and he being her godson and favourite, she left him the bulk of her large fortune.

If he had not been the victim of habit, he might now have considered himself independent of the vicissitudes of fortune. What do I say!—he might, in reality, have been so: but he lost, on a summer's evening, £20,000 in a wager with a noble gamester, that one fly would sit longer on the table than another; and the remainder of Lady

Mary's legacy, risked with equal folly, was lost with equal celerity. It would be tedious to follow the Hon. Charles T—— through the course of his life. He who has powerful friends, whatever his own folly may be, does not sink easily. Many a situation was obtained for him by intercession with power, and accorded to interest, which the industrious and sober man of merit looked for in vain. What chance and birth provided for him, however, he could not hold. At last, he forced every one to desert him, or he deserted every one; for he changed his name, and enlisted. In the regiment to which he belonged, as a private soldier in India, there was not, it is said, a greater blackguard. But he was recognized by the governor of Bombay, who had known him in a high political situation several years before; and, in the hope that experience had taught him to value the blessings of rank and respectability, a commission was obtained for him. Vain hope! The Hon. Charles T—— was lost! He could not associate with the officers of the *corps*; his delight was to get into the barracks. To end his eventful and mournful

history, he went home on a sick certificate; being drunk, on going ashore in London, he fell down the side of the ship, and was drowned before assistance could be rendered.

Such were the life and death of a man born to rank and fortune. It has been asserted, that it is more conducive to happiness to be the artificer of wealth, than to have it ready made; and the story of the Hon. Charles T—— seems a confirmation of the good old saying.

PRIVATE M. F. M——.

MICHAEL —— was descended from an ancient Irish family of great respectability. He was the second son of a merchant, who had been so fortunate in his exports and imports as to purchase an estate and retire from 'Change, to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* of rural retirement. Having a strong predilection for a red coat, his father purchased a commission for him; and in a few years he rose to a company with credit.

At one time fortune seemed to shower her favours upon him. His promotion had been rapid. He looked forward with most pleasing ex-

pectation to his union with a lovely girl, to whom he had been long attached; and he had become his father's heir by the death of his elder brother. In consequence of this change in his prospects he sold out, and returned home from the West Indies.

In the interim, his only surviving brother, a counsellor, had become acquainted with a young lady of considerable fortune in England, and made such an impression upon her heart, as promised him the speedy consummation of his wishes. He had represented himself to her father as possessed of an estate in Ireland; and the old gentleman, in preparing the marriage-settlement for his daughter, expressed some anxiety to see the documents. In consequence of this wish, the counsellor wrote to his father, representing his good fortune, and requesting him to make over by deed the title of his estate to him; in order that he might satisfy the doubts of the lady's father; promising to reconvey the same after the marriage. The father immediately complied, and the counsellor became possessed of his wife's fortune; but when his father applied for a deed of

reconveyance, he answered, that he had not studied law to deprive himself of property. His father soon after died, never dreaming that his younger son would make use of the deed, and concluding that Michael, on his return, would succeed to the family wealth and honours.

As soon, however, as the old man's body was deposited in the ground, the lawyer took possession of his estate. What was the surprise of Michael! He offered to share the whole property with the lawyer, who pleaded that he was a married man, with a young family: he begged that it might be submitted to arbitration. This was flatly refused. He accused his brother of injustice, and called him to an account, according to the code of honour. The lawyer met him before a magistrate, where he was bound over to keep the peace. Michael then entered an action, and soon expended all he was worth in law-expenses. In the course of the suit, the lawyer's agent, in making some searches as to title, discovered that neither of the brothers had any right to the property; it belonged, by entail, to a labouring man, whom the attorney well knew.

To him he went, and said:—"What will you give me, Tom, if I give you five thousand a-year?" The man of the spade stared and laughed in his face, thinking his honour not in earnest *at all, at all*; but, in short, the agent made his own bargain, and the whole property, lost for ever to Michael and his unjust brother, reverted, by this accidental discovery, to the legal heir, whose idea of wealth had been confined within one hundred a-year, and whose ambition had never exceeded the wish of possessing a few acres of land.

The agony of Michael's mind may be conceived. I will not attempt describing what he felt, on finding himself reduced to absolute want; his prospects blasted in the army, and his hopes blighted in love; for the fickle fair one, during his long absence, had transferred her affections to another; and, before he lost his property, he had the mortification to see that he was renounced. As to his vile brother, he was attacked by remorse, and in a fit of despair hanged himself. All these dreadful occurrences were too much for the fortitude of Michael. It is asserted



that his hair turned grey, and that intense thinking on his misfortunes disordered his brain.

I need not follow him through the wild and desolate scenes of self-abandonment, which reduced him to the private ranks of the army, and at length placed him in an hospital for insanity.

#### CAPTAIN S——.

CAPTAIN S—— was one of the most respectable old warriors in our *corps*. He looked the colonel so well, that he was often taken for commanding-officer. His flowing silver-hair decorated a manly front, on which Valour had placed her stamp. The fire of his quick eye was not quenched; vigorous expression characterized his fine features; and a wound, which in a charge of cavalry he had received whilst bravely defending his front in square, gave veteran-like dignity to his face. From right even to left of his company, from centre to flanks of the regiment, he was beloved for every endearing quality. He had been thirty-three years present with the *corps* in various climates; several times he had seen

his regiment a skeleton. By the officers he was called "Old Hannibal," because the wound on his face, at a little distance, made him appear as though he had lost an eye: the soldiers distinguished him by the significant appellation of "The Captain." Yet Captain S——, a model that even the noblest soldier might not disdain to form himself upon, was the son of a poor Lurgan weaver. His history is full of instruction.

S——, when a boy, received no education at school; but his parents had instructed him in the principles of religion and morality. His father had a very large family; and, in an hour of distress, he wished for three guineas, adding, that such a sum would make him quite happy. The next market-day S—— was a soldier, and his father in possession of his bounty. On joining his regiment, he was distinguished for propriety of conduct, for spirited behaviour, and zeal in the performance of every duty. In short, although he could neither read nor write, in the course of a few years he was one of the most useful non-commissioned officers in the *corps*. During the latter part of the American war, he

distinguished himself on several occasions by great presence of mind and bravery in action. In one unfortunate affair he covered the colours when all the officers near the centre had been killed or wounded : the regiment was broken, and the loss of the colours deplored by the commanding officer ; but, behold ! they had found a screen from the searching enemy in the wounded body of Serjeant S——. He was discovered, after the action, almost dead from loss of blood, with the honour of the *corps* near his heart.

His commanding-officer was fully sensible of his great merit ; but he knew how improper it would be to recommend an uneducated man for a commission. He and the officers of the *corps* expressed their high sense of S——'s gallant conduct, offered him a considerable pecuniary reward, which was respectfully declined, and promoted him to the rank of serjeant-major by the first opportunity.

In this useful situation he accompanied the regiment on its being ordered to India. Being a man of strong sense and great industry, he now aspired at supplying the deficiency of his youth

By continued application and most praiseworthy perseverance, he learned to read correctly, to write a fine hand—he even acquired a knowledge of English grammar; and, in time, became liberally conversant with Latin and French. In short, he was found to be a good scholar, well read in history and science, with a mind ennobled by all those truly elevating traits which characterize the military profession. He was mild in manners and gentlemanlike in deportment. Having again distinguished himself on several trying occasions, he was promoted to an ensigncy, and appointed adjutant, which essential post he held for several years; performing all its duties to the satisfaction of different commanding officers, the benefit of the service, and his own honour. At length promotion to a company deprived the *corps* of his exertions as adjutant; but for many a year he was a bright example as “Old Hannibal,” and “The Captain.”

Meanwhile, this worthy man provided for a numerous family. His daughters were lovely, and their brothers were brave among the brave.

It has been said, that no mortal is truly happy

till he is no more: Captain S—— is, then, completely blessed; the perfume of his name remains behind him. I think I still feel the swelling emotion of my heart, as his coffin passed mournfully between our ranks, the day we laid his body in the peaceful grave. I think I see every veteran of the regiment leaning his cheek on the butt of his musket, with a tear streaming down it. But I must leave off blubbing: the subject is really too affecting for me. I left his grave with a sigh, and the conviction that real merit had returned to dust. "Ah!" said I to myself, "thou art a proof, that in the school of the British army every thing may be learned."

N<sup>o</sup>. V.

## CALCUTTA.

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“ O Luxury!

Bane of elated life, of affluent states,  
 What dreary change, what ruin is not thine?  
 How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind,  
 To the soft entrance of thy rosy cave!”

DYES.

THE mornings and evenings are delightful in Calcutta after the monsoon. This crisis of nature cools the fever of the atmosphere; and as the healthful blood plays through the veins of a convalescent, so does the renovated air flow cheerfully towards the source of light.

On one of these fine mornings (14th October, 1813) the pale tinge of day, peeping from the east, revealed a congregated human mass, anxious to witness the landing of the Marquis of Hastings at Champal Ghaut. A fine military line was

formed from the river to the front entrance of the government-house; and the native battalions, intermixed with the Europeans, formed an interesting sight. There were crowds of Hindoos and Mahommedans; the river was covered with decorated ships, barges, and boats; and, as far as the roving eye could reach, the roads were thronged with carriages.

At length the guns of Fort William announced the approach of our new Governor-General; and the state barges, glittering beneath the rays of the rising sun, in gold and purple, glided towards the ghaut, where the members of council, commander-in-chief, and all the local authorities were ready to receive the celebrated Moira, and to conduct him and his lovely Countess, with military pomp, to the government-house. His Lordship was met on the magnificent flight of steps leading to it by Lord Minto, and received with ceremony and respect.

Tall and majestic, the Marquis of Hastings makes a lasting impression on every beholding eye. In his firm step we hear fortitude; in his friendly smile we see benevolence; and his dark,

bright eye conveys to feeling the flash of valour. His flowing black hair fell carelessly on his manly features, and gave a fine shade to his face, as though, at some remote period, a deep wound had been inflicted on his cheek. He was dressed in the full uniform of a general; and nothing was ever seen in India more splendid in its appearance than his fine suite.

Elegant in symmetry of form and aspect, the Countess of Loudon shone forth the mother of loveliness; and the Hindoos, having heard her Ladyship's universal fame for benevolence and charity, gazed on her with that rapturous delight with which their forefathers are fabled to have received the Goddess Gunga, when she rose all beautiful from the sacred river to relieve their distresses.

There is, in the resignation of power, somewhat that excites pity: we behold him who was the centre of attraction, almost forsaken when divested of that patronage round which crowds had fluttered. Lord Minto, after remaining some time at Calcutta, departed, carrying with him no



regret, all hope having been turned to his Lordship's great successor.

On the arrival of the Marquis of Hastings and Countess of Loudon, pleasure and luxury were drained for their welcome. Splendid entertainments followed each other in rapid succession; and night after night Calcutta was radiant with illumination. The free-masons greeted their grand-master with a ball and supper in Moore's rooms, which were on the occasion converted into a scene resembling fairy-land. Their noble guests reached the point of attraction through an avenue of artificial fire. The universal blaze reflected the admiring countenances of groups of Hindoos, whose costume and bearded faces imparted romantic life to the whole. Supper was laid out in a vast square, made to represent an Indian grove. Lofty palms waved over head their long stems, circled with wreaths of roses. A fine artificial sky finished the scenic deception, in which the full moon and stars were seen resplendent. Beneath all this earthly grandeur the noble guests were seated, surrounded by the

beauty and fashion of the presidency; and they circulated joy and happiness with the glass, while song and music gladdened the heart.

This display of that exultation which all classes felt, upon the occasion of an arrival so auspicious, was returned at the government-house by magnificent *fêtes*; and the fastidiousness which had long characterized the society of the Indian metropolis melted away beneath the enchanting affability of the Countess of Loudon. Previously to her benign appearance, harmony had been destroyed by the rivalry of two great ladies; one belonging, as she thought, to a superior rank in life, and the other fully entitled, in her own opinion, to the highest honours that wealth, beauty, and elegance could challenge. The former was the wife of an old civilian, then at the summit of his hope; she was a prodigious personage, both in size and importance, without any just pretensions to that exclusive homage which she claimed. Her rival was a great merchant's lady, elegant in figure and accomplished, but with pride and ambition enough to set the world in

arms. These queens had for a long time waged a war of extravagance, which they fondly hoped would be to each other extermination. The four quarters of the globe were visited for whatever could stimulate appetite, gratify delicacy, or attract admiration. The baleful influence of such division was, however, arrested by the attention paid at the government-house to all classes of the inhabitants, whose talent and respectability contributed to the essential interest of Britain's weal.

Another rivalry, not unworthy of notice, existed at this time in Calcutta between the Chouringhee theatre and the Athenæum. The latter was the property of an individual who had erected it in the hope of reaping a rich harvest from the speculation; but he had scarcely finished his expensive attraction, when the other was pitted against him by subscription. Each depended upon the gratuitous aid of amateur performers; and the respective managers, on the arrival of a new Governor-General, &c. marshalled their dramatic *corps*, with high expectation, to greet

Lady Loudon with the tear and smile of Melpomene and Thalia. As a lover of the drama I was solicited by both parties, and attended the rehearsals at the Athenæum for the tragedy of Hamlet. The proprietor, on these occasions, had supper-parties; and one evening deserves to be sketched.

We had all taken our seats round the suppertable, which groaned under the luxuries of the East. The bright eyes of many a lady fair were attracted to the rich ices and fantastic ornaments that graced the centre of the shining board; when an officer, belonging to a native regiment, addressed some conversation to a gentleman's sister, which was resented. The ruffian, who wore the garb that ought to be seen only on a perfect gentleman, had been sent in disgrace from his regiment; but as the circumstances were unknown at the presidency, he gained admission to society on the good faith of the profession to which he belonged. Offended at the very proper interference of the gentleman whose sister he had insulted, he rose from table, and requested

to speak with the young civilian, who accompanied him into the veranda. In a moment we heard a crash; the ladies screamed; and, upon our gaining the veranda, we beheld the two combatants struggling on the ground, at the bottom of the flight of steps leading up to the Athenæum. The officer was an athletic powerful man, and had his antagonist under him. We flew to his assistance; and fortunately, upon being rescued, he was able to return up the stairs, when his sister and wife, seeing him covered with blood, fainted. But the ruffian who had abused him was not satisfied; for, disengaging himself from our grasp, he drew a dagger from his bosom, swore that he would plunge it in the breast of him who dared to stop his way, and instantly rushed in among the terrified ladies. The young man whom he pursued escaped out of a back door; and, some of the gentlemen placing themselves with chairs between the assailant and his intended victim, he was arrested in his progress, and his fury was turned upon us. In the mean time, the ladies who had fainted were carried into another room, and one

of the servants had called the *runners*, or police. These useful natives, armed with cutlasses and targets, dashed into the apartment; and, pressing round the monster, pinioned his arms, and made him a prisoner, when he was conveyed to the lock-up-house, whence he was not released till he embarked for Europe, deprived of the rank which he unworthily held in the Company's army.

The Chouringhee amateurs had by this time announced one of Shakspeare's best tragedies, and the Countess had accepted their invitation. I did not fail on that night to part with my gold mohur, about £2 sterling, for a ticket; and, accompanied by Hamlet and Horatio, procured seats in a very crowded house. The theatre is truly creditable to the taste of those under whose superintendence it arose: suited to a climate where the free circulation of cool air is absolutely necessary, it is lofty; the accommodations for an audience consisting only of a pit, with a semicircle of boxes rising one above the other, around, from the front of the stage. The

Governor-General's box was exactly opposite the drop-scene; its approach was through a broad avenue, from the front entrance to the piazza, to which a magnificent flight of steps led. Here the *tout-ensemble* of the house broke on the eye with a very fine effect, all glittering with gold, silver, and scarlet. Over the Governor's seat was suspended a fine punkoe, or large fan, which produced an agreeable current of air. The Countess was greeted with poetical compliments in a well-written prologue; and the performance was such as commanded her Ladyship's entire approbation. Some of the amateurs conceived that Hamlet and Horatio had come to *quiz them*, and to collect materials for criticism in the papers. Every change of countenance and expression on their part was therefore construed into insult; and they received a written notice from the managers, next morning, never more to enter the doors. Considering this as a high stretch of arbitrary power, and contrary to the principles of justice, they lodged an information at the chief-magistrate's office, and summonses were in con-

sequence issued for all the parties to attend his Worship.

On the day appointed, the magistrate's office was crowded to suffocation. His Worship was a short man, with a good full-bottomed wig, from which there was a flowing tail that swaggered on his black gown, and proclaimed his importance behind his back; while the look he cast around fully conveyed his assumption of all magisterial honours to that part of his auditory immediately before him. Having made a long speech, for no chamber-barrister was ever fonder of hearing himself talk, he proceeded to business; and, after explaining the law of the case, he decided that the notice was illegal, and tended to disturb the peace of India. A compromise was, therefore, proposed; but Hamlet insisted that a public apology should be made from the stage. At length a written one was tendered in the office, and accepted by the aggrieved parties, in which their right of attending the Chouringhee theatre on all public occasions was fully admitted; and we left the office with flying colours. Strict impartiality seems to have characterized the chief



magistrate's decision upon the present occasion; but it was generally believed that he leaned to the strong side, and that his friendship had been secured by good dinners and sweet morsels. Fame, or evil report, says, that a Yankee once had an unpleasant affair before his Worship; and, finding that the matter was likely to go against him, he requested permission to impart some private information to the magistrate. A chamber was at hand.—“Your Worship,” said Jonathan, “what I had to say is this:—I have some excellent old madeira on board, and it is my intention to send your lordship a pipe of it this evening.” Upon returning to court, the examination was resumed, and the matter appearing in favour of the American captain, he was freed from his embarrassing situation, and the wine was accordingly sent. The sly Yankee had yet another card to play: previously to his departure he tendered a bill for payment, which made the tail of the magistrate's wig thump his collar. It was paid, however, without demur, and Jonathan boasted of his success in disposing of part of his invest-

ment, notwithstanding the depreciated state of the markets.

When I returned home, I found the curricule of a Mahomedan nobleman at my door, who was making the round of his European acquaintances, for the purpose of inviting them to a champagne-party at his garden-house. Mirzee Alli Kaun was in person majestic and prepossessing, and in manners free and easy. He spoke English fluently, and had some pretensions to literature; but he was a *bon vivant*, and had the vanity to think himself high in the favour of European ladies. He wore a Persian military hat, trimmed with gold, English jockey-boots, and a purple velvet frock, fastened by a diamond button. His complexion was a light brown, and his beard of the most fashionable cut. Gold pendants ornamented his ears, and a costly pearl collar, with emerald clasps, glittered on his neck, while the richest shawl of Cashmere served him for a sash; and his trowsers, over which he wore the boots, were of gold kincob. Having accepted his polite invitation to dinner, and talked of the news of the day, he cracked

his whip and departed; and at the appointed time, I presented myself at his elegant garden-house.

It was surrounded by beautiful groves of fruit-trees, and situated on the margin of a fine tank, which watered the lawns and parterres in the vicinity. The house was a square, presenting four fronts, two stories high, with a terraced roof, and a fine railing round the top. An open veranda, supported by pillars, encircled each story, and imparted to the whole an airy and delightfully cool appearance. Mirzee Alli received me at the door, and handed me into a spacious sitting-room, where several of his military and civil guests were already seated; and, dinner being announced, we took our places at the table. The room was spacious, and lighted by a double row of chandeliers; a large punkoe played over our heads, and the hospitable board groaned under every luxury in season. The wines were of the choicest description, and they soon produced a cheerful flow of conversation. We talked of the native governments, the laws and institutions of England, the manners and

customs of the Hindoos, and the glories of the Mogul empire; on all which subjects Mirzee Alli abounded with information, and defended many of the institutions in India very ably; arguing, that they were, in many respects, so well suited to notions of happiness in the East, that it would be difficult to substitute others of superior practical utility. I soon discovered that he was a free-thinker, and belonged to that numerous sect of philosophers common to both the Mahommedans and Hindoos. As to women, he was a perfect libertine, and kept a seraglio of beauties. No sooner had his campaign excited our youthful spirits, than the voluptuousness followed of an entertainment by dancing girls. These damsels were dressed in the gayest silks sparkling with jewels, their eye-lashes painted black, and their dark glossy hair braided up behind with white flowers; while their legs, arms, waists, and necks were ornamented with silver bells, producing, as they danced, an agreeable harmony with the guitars and cymbals, to which they beat time. These instruments were performed upon by old musicians, whose silver beards reminded me of the

ancient bards, to which caste they belonged. They accompanied their instruments with their voices; the airs were chiefly Persian, and very agreeable. After various amorous fandangoes, and wild figure-dances, love-stories from the Indian drama were recited; and the entire night was passed so, that a disciple of the modern Epicurean school would have pronounced it heaven upon earth. I returned home, however, with a very different impression, satiated with the poison of luxury, and disgusted with libertine manners.

The next day a claret-party was given by a young civilian in the Writers' Buildings; and I had the honour of an invitation. This youth was of a most respectable family; but upon his arrival in India he fell into the unbounded extravagance fashionable among some of the students in the college of Fort William; and, instead of applying himself to Sanscrit lore, he lived up to an income ten times as great as his allowance from government; so that he was at the mercy of a set of unprincipled native agents. His party need not be sketched; it was one, in short, of folly, at that period too common in his class of

society. But every youth may rest assured, that the breach of such customs will be more honoured than their observance. To shun bad example, and to be temperate, abstemious, and economical, is the certain way of securing respect, health, and independence in every part of the world, but particularly in India.



N<sup>o</sup>. VI.

## I N D I A . \*



" Nor shall this peace sleep with her ; but, as when  
 The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,  
 Her ashes new create another heir,  
 As great in admiration as herself ;  
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one  
 (When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness)  
 Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,  
 Shall, star-like, rise as great in fame as she was,  
 And so stand fix'd."

THE above lines are part of the beautiful prophecy pronounced over the cradle of the infant Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Henry the Eighth. I have placed them at the head of this brief notice of India, not inappositely ; for in the

\* These remarks, it is hoped, contain a valuable concentration of much that has been written on India.



splendid reign of that heroine, the foundation of British power in the East was laid. Peace is now smiling on the councils of our present glorious King; education is gradually removing the bandages and veils of prejudice from the eyes of Hindostan. She is beginning to perceive with amazement her own ignorance, as the first indication of improvement, which, in future times, will reflect the brightest lustre on the age of George the Fourth.

India is divided by nature into three great parts. Hindostan Proper extends from the mountains of Tartary to the river Nerbudda; the Deckan, thence to the river Krishna; and the Peninsula, from the Krishna to the Indian Ocean. Westward of the great river Indus, the inhabitants of Baloochistan, Afghanistan, Cabul, &c. may be called Indo-Persians: they all belong to the Caucasian variety of man. Eastward of the wilds of Tipperah, which bound Bengal beyond the river Ganges, the natives are Indo-Chinese, inhabiting Arracan, Assam, Ava, Siam, Pegu, Tunquin, &c.—all these belong to the Mongolian variety. Northward of the Hemalaya

range of mountains, which rise upwards of 22,000 feet above the level of the sea, the people are also of the Mongolian race. Southward and eastward of India, in the Islands of the Indian seas, the chief of which are Ceylon, Sumatra, Java, the Sunda Chain, Borneo, Celibes, the Moluccas, Phillipines, &c., the inhabitants partake of the nature of the races belonging to the continents near them. The Malay variety of man is very extensively diffused over these islands. What is very curious in nearly all of them, the Ethiopian variety is found, under various names, generally in a savage state. The national history of man may, therefore, be studied under great advantages in the East Indies. All the varieties of man, except the American variety, present themselves to observation in India; and the American so much resembles the Mongolian, that the naturalist has little to regret in not finding the fifth most curious and interesting production of creation in the garden of the East, whence men, notwithstanding all their difference of colour, stature, and form, spread over the world from a single pair.

That the colour of man is not caused by climate, is a fact of which I have not the least doubt, notwithstanding the discordancy of philosophical opinion on the subject. The Jews have continued white in Malabar since the destruction of the temple: so have the Persians in Guzerat, &c. since the persecutions of Mahomet. White and black races have inhabited the same parts of the earth, and lived in each other's neighbourhood from time immemorial. The Malay and Sumatran are as different as night and day; so are the Negro and American, so long as they intermingle not with each other. Black men, however, have been born of white parents, and white men of black ones; and it has been found that these varieties, when once formed, reproduce themselves. The cause of this, as of many other daily phenomena, is above our comprehension. Hereditary diseases are transmitted from parents to children; so are the quills of the porcupine in the porcupine family of England; so are the six fingers and toes in some families of Europe; so are the colours of hair and eyes, &c.—These are curious facts within general observation.

The Hindoos are all of the Caucassian variety; their organization is the same as ours; their forehead is equally expanded: some of them are as black as Ethiopians; others nearly as fair as Europeans. The Tiërs of Malabar are like many sallow-complexioned Europeans; their immediate neighbours, the Nèars, are very black. There are so many shades and variations in the colour and language of the inhabitants of India, that no general description can be given. It has been ascertained by laborious research, that the Hindoos consist of ten different nations, who spoke originally ten distinct languages, from which all the dialects of the country are derived.

India lies between the eighth and thirty-fifth degrees of north latitude, and the seventy-second and ninety-second of east longitude, and comprehends an area of about 1,020,000 geographical square miles; its climate and natural history are very curious. On the sea-coasts there is every day an alternate change of the wind, from and towards the ocean, called the land and sea breeze; but in the interior the monsoons change only

every six months, that is, the wind blows with little variation from south and north alternately. Owing to the variations of the compass, these monsoons are called the south-east and north-west, as they appear to approach from these quarters. The former prevails during the wet season, and the latter in the dry: the rainy period, however, continues in one place never more than three months; for the evaporation from the southern ocean ceases in that time, and the clouds, impregnated with rain, are carried gradually over the face of the country, to restore thirsty nature to life and beauty. The rains commence along the Malabar coast in May, with frightful storms, astounding explosions of thunder, and fearful lightnings; but the clouds are turned northward by a high chain of mountains called the Ghauts, which rise in Ceylon, an island apparently torn from the continent, and run along the coast at a short distance from the sea, till they are lost in the plains of the Deckan, near the river Taptee. On passing this barrier, the clouds spread in a regular sheet, till they are again turned eastward by the high northern mountains, where they

receive such increased velocity from some secret impulse of Divine power, that they rush towards Bengal in what are called North-westers, or very formidable hurricanes, and at length, in October, water the Carnatic; so that, during the three months when it is raining on the Malabar coast with almost constant impetuosity, no cloud deforms the blue sky of Coromandel, on the other side of the Ghauts, and *vice versa*. Nothing can be more interesting than the consideration of this subject: for here we behold physical causes producing the most admirable effects, and clearly perceive the hand of Omnipotence placing obstacles between matter and design, and forcing that to conform to this, with beautiful utility.

The inhabitants of India consist of Brahmans, Jains, Budhists, Seiks, and Pariahs, who come under the general name of Hindoos, numbers of whom are now Mahommedans, chiefly of the sect called Soonis. The foreigners in that country are called Parsees, who worship fire; the Armenians, who are of the Greek church, and Jews; but Portuguese, Dutch, English, French, Danish, Spanish, and Swedish half-casts now are very

numerous all round the coasts. Besides the native Christians, converted by the different missions from Europe, there are many Nestorians in Travancore, who were originally proselytes of St. Thomas. All the inhabitants may be thus enumerated:—

Under the East-India Company ...	60,000,000
Under their influence indirectly ...	40,000,000
Under independent Chiefs .....	20,000,000
In the Islands of the Indian Seas...	20,000,000
<hr/>	
Total Population of the East-Indies	140,000,000
<hr/>	

In some parts of the country, the natives are scattered over the face of it as in Ireland; but, generally speaking, they live in cities, towns, and villages. Their chief cities are Benares, Surat, Calcutta, Delhi, Madras, Bombay, Agra, Lucknow, Patna, Moorshedabad, Dacca, Poonah, Hyderabad, Nagpore, Catmandoo, Oojain, Jyenagur, Amritsar, Lahore, and Seringapatam. Some of these contain 600,000 souls each, and the lowest in the scale has upwards of 100,000 inhabitants.

The Hindoos have generally two harvests, one in September and the other in March; but that in the dry season requires so much labour in irrigating the young crop, that it is not very productive. Rice is their general food; and, in every private point of view, they are a simple, inoffensive, merciful people. As religious fanatics, however, they are liable to be roused to acts of great desperation by their superstitions, which are the most complicated and ingenious inventions to subject human nature to priestcraft, that ever appeared in the world. They are divided into four great classes, called castes; each of which is again sectioned out into innumerable small fraternities, like masonic lodges, but without any general intercourse or recognition. This remarkable organization, teeming, as it might at first sight seem, with the seeds of disease and destruction, has been preserved for a period, dating back far beyond our power of tracing its origin.

It may be said, that all the Mogul empire now belongs to the Company. Their revenue, when the Marquess of Hastings went out as Governor-General in 1813, was £17,000,000 of our money;



to which that great nobleman has since added £5,000,000 by conquests, into which he was forced by aggression. At present the Company has, therefore, a revenue of £22,000,000, with a decreasing debt, and no very considerable increase of expense; so that their circumstances never were in a more flourishing state. Their army consists of about 150,000 natives, regularly disciplined on European principles, and commanded by British officers, while they are supported by about 8,000 European artillery and infantry of their own, and 30,000 King's troops.

The area of the British empire in India is nearly equal to that of all Europe; and there is great variety in its different climates, the complexions of its inhabitants, the conformation of their bodies, and their manners, dispositions, and customs. In general the climate is not unfriendly to human existence, which is proved by its vast population in many parts; but Europeans who continue those habits of life which are common in our latitudes, often fall victims to inflammatory diseases, particularly liver complaints and fever.

All the virtues of humanity are common to the Hindoos. Their courage has been such, in many instances, that when they fail in defending their posts, an end is put to existence, if spared by the enemy. Such are the affection and constancy of their women, that many thousands of wives sacrifice themselves every year on the funeral piles of their husbands. Their tenderness for the life of brute animals is so great, that hospitals have been erected for the preservation of the old and maimed of the meanest creatures upon which God has bestowed sensation. Many of their religious ceremonies, it is true, are barbarous; but these consist of self-inflicted tortures, pilgrimages, and trials, to work out salvation. Their ignorance and credulity are so great, that they can be persuaded almost to any thing by their priests; yet, at one time their state of civilization must have been admirable, as the remains of their village economy, and their codes of laws, strike every beholder with surprise and respect. Their vices are in general the offspring of avarice; a passion which, with them, appears to originate in the kindly affections of the heart;

as all their anxiety to heap up money flows only from the desire of having it to expend, in the numerous ceremonies instituted on occasions of initiation, marriage, and child-birth, and to free parents from transmigration after death. If they have the vices, they have also the virtues which associate with avarice—industry, frugality, sobriety, and perseverance.

The great monuments of labour which they have dedicated to their divinities, reflect honour on their piety and good intention. Their antiquities, such as the caves of Elora and Carlee, in the Deckan; and those of Elephanta and Keneri, near Bombay, with the numerous ruins and ancient pagodas scattered over the country, are really wonders of art. The sites of some of their ancient cities, such as Kanoge and Gour, are as large as London. To these all the ruins of Mogul splendour are now added; so that in every part of India a European will find sufficient to gratify his curiosity and awaken his sympathy.

Of the early history of the Hindoos we know little, except what is related in the Bible. They

were, from the most remote period, a commercial people; and when Europe recovered from the barbarism which followed the subversion of the Roman empire, the valuable productions of Hindostan found their way through Egypt to Venice, till at length the conquest of the Mahomedans not only spread over Hindostan, but threatened to deluge Europe.

The Portuguese, however, by discovering a passage round the Cape of Good Hope, began to settle on the coasts of India, about the year 1500; and, in the course of time, they made themselves masters of the whole trade. The other commercial nations of Europe could not see this without envy; and Holland, England, France, Denmark, &c. established factories also in India at different times. That virtue and courage which the Portuguese were remarkable for upon their arrival in India, fled afterwards to the Dutch, who deprived them of nearly all their conquests; for which the English and French had a long struggle, till the latter sank.

Our amazing success in India is in a great measure to be attributed to Lord Clive, whose war-

like disposition changed the policy of the East-India Company from that of a merchant to that of an ambitious sovereign. This course was persevered in by Mr. Hastings, who, during his administration, impressed the natives with the most unfavourable opinions respecting British encroachment and injustice. It was the object of Lord Cornwallis to remove these prejudices, by the full exercise of his faculties for the happiness of India; and under his Lordship's direction those liberal regulations were framed, which at present form the groundwork of our systems of government in Hindostan. The natives have now an interest in the soil, and they are secured in their rights and properties by their own laws, and shielded from the oppression of Europeans by British courts of justice.

The brilliant and commanding talents of the Marquess Wellesley consolidated our empire in the East; and the wars in which he was unavoidably involved with the Sultan of Mysore, the Maharrattas, and the French, greatly extended our influence, and laid the foundation of a system of subsidizing the native Princes, which in its ope-

ration has entirely deprived them of external political power, and eradicated the ruinous petty warfare of plunder, that threatened to convert the finest provinces of India into a jungle.

It has been the fortunate lot of the Marquess of Hastings, who stands eminently conspicuous in the temple of Fame, not only as a statesman and a warrior, but as a philosopher and a philanthropist, to contribute largely to the happiness of the Hindoos. He has returned to his country, followed by the prayers of millions of men whom he had endeavoured to rescue from darkness and ignorance, and to secure in the blessings of peace and earthly felicity. Over that extensive country, security and confidence are now presiding in the full exercise of their cheering influence. No bands of ferocious plunderers now desolate the abodes of love and innocence; but the confident cottage of rural peace lifts its head without fear in the vicinity of towns, whose high walls and embattled turrets were lately thought insufficient security against foul invasion.\*

\* The Burmese War need scarcely be produced as an exception. In fact, it is far beyond the limits to which I allude; and war must necessarily often occur in such extensive regions as India.

Government is carried on by three divisions, or Presidencies: these are, Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay; to the first of which the second and third are subject, whilst they are independent of each other.

Calcutta has an area of country subject to its jurisdiction of about 200,000 square miles; comprehending Bengal and Bahar, part of Orissa, Allahabad and Berar, the Morung, Cooch-Bahar, and all the districts in Oude acquired since 1801. The population is about 40,000,000; the gross produce of the land £43,000,000 sterling; the revenue about £12,000,000, and the charges under £7,000,000. All civil and military power is confided to the Governor-General at his Presidency, who is assisted by a council of three members. The city of Calcutta is about one hundred miles from the sea, by the windings of the river Hooghly, and its population is estimated at 600,000 souls; while the space around, within a circle of twenty miles, is said to contain 2,225,000 people. Yet, in 1717, this city was a petty village. Its internal and external trade averages about £14,000,000 *per annum*; and about 600 ships and

vessels take their departure from the river every year.

Madras is 1,030 miles distant from Calcutta, situated nearly in latitude 13° north, while the British capital of India lies in 22° north; but the heat at Madras is not so very great as might be supposed, from its lying so near the line. There is this difference, however, that Calcutta has a sort of winter for three months, while the temperature at Madras varies but little during the whole year; but then the former place is visited by hot winds in the summer, while their influence is never felt at the latter. The population of Madras is 350,000 souls; its revenue £5,000,000. It controls 20,000,000 of the natives indirectly, but its immediate subjects are only 12,000,000 in number. Its exports consist chiefly of piece-goods, and the whole trade seldom exceeds £5,000,000 *per annum*. This presidency is managed by a governor and council of three, but all external political power is vested in the Governor-General.

Bombay is 1,300 miles from Calcutta, and 770 from Madras. It is situated nearly in latitude 19°



north. The government is similar to that of Madras; and there are 220,000 inhabitants on the island. It controls 8,000,000 of souls. The revenue is full £5,000,000 sterling *per annum*, and its exports and imports average £60,000,000 annually.

India, on the whole, is a fine country for military men. On its extensive surface the art of war appears in various forms, during even the service of a few years, and it may be studied in its most useful parts, even in times of profound peace. It is now well known that a removal to the northern parts of India recruits the relaxation occasioned by long residence in the southern quarters of Hindostan, so that it is to be hoped, an attention to the health of Europeans will take place, and that frequent exchanges of stations will not only preserve human life, but secure that activity of mind and of body, which are important essentials in our profession.

My experience authorizes me to say, that the best plan for government to adopt when a regiment arrives in India, from either Europe or the Cape of Good Hope, is to station the *corps* for some time on the sea-coast, where the command-

ing officer should be directed to have bathing parades three mornings every week, and on the alternate days exercise marches of about ten miles, or useful drills. The morning is the most delightful period in India for exercise, as the earth during night acquires an agreeable coolness, which it has not in the evenings, and there is a charming freshness in the air, which exhilarates the spirits of animal life. Soldiers should not be paraded earlier than an hour before sunrise, which, in the Peninsula, occurs about six o'clock; nor should they be kept out too long under the increasing heat, which rises rapidly in places where there is much reflection, about nine A.M. Yet I am persuaded that exposure to the sun, when a European has been "climatized," is not injurious to health, provided the fluids of the body be left to their natural powers of preserving due temperature: on the other hand, if they are irritated by gross food, or spirituous liquors, fever and liver complaints ensue, with, not unfrequently, *coups de soleil*, which produce an immediate extinction of life. The night air on the sea-coast is delightful to the senses, and our soldiers, if not prevented, will

carry out their mats and sleep under its bewitching freshness; but it is dangerous, unless the body and head be well covered. There certainly are marsh *miasma* in the neighbourhood of extensive rice cultivation, caused by the inundations necessary to that grain, which destroy life. It is on this account that I dislike very early parades, as those *miasma* seem to operate powerfully in the morning. I observed, indeed, when under a commanding officer exceedingly fond of before-daylight preparations for field days, that his hospital was filled with men, who had been invariably taken ill at drill. After "climatization," the night air in the interior seems to be as little injurious to health as the noon-day rays of the sun.

When a regiment has had this seasoning for a few months on the sea-coast, it should be sent into the Deckan, or Mysore regions, which being elevated about 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, are cool and healthy. The *corps*, in the course of a few years, might be marched to the northern stations, and receive the benefit of streams of air flowing from mountains covered with eternal snow. Thus Europeans would, in

my humble opinion, preserve health for ten or twelve years, and return to their country with unbroken constitutions, even after twenty years' residence in a hot climate.

Many of the long journeys, which military men have to make in India, either to join their regiments on arrival from Europe, or in *corps* afterwards, upon transfer from one presidency to another, &c. are made by water. I can refer to nothing more delightful in recollection, than the movements I have made in India on its fine rivers. The rich banks were often covered with herds of cattle, feeding amidst fruit groves; and the bright green of the broad plantain leaves formed charming tints with the deep shades of the mangoe, guava, and jack, while tall palms, thinly scattered, rose like stately spires in the distance. From among this external luxuriance of nature peeped numerous villages; and the hum of labour, the tinkling bells of pagodas, the ~~Mahomedan~~ Mahomedan call to prayers, and the groups of young females along the margins, gazing at our tracking or paddling boat, with their jet black hair decorated with sparkling white flowers, altogether formed an af-

fecting scene, upon which, with my brother officers, I used to gaze, till the brilliant luminary of day sank to repose. Then we sometimes saw the bosom of the broad water covered, as it were, with stars glittering on the dark blue expanse, and emulating the vivid glances of yet brighter stars above. This enchanting appearance was caused by numerous lamps sent down the stream after sunset by the Hindoo girls, under the belief that they lighted departed friends, and prognosticated the return of those who were absent. If the lamp, or little boat, sailed off propitiously, a shout of exultation was raised; but if it upset, or the light went out, a melancholy howl announced apprehension, which was answered by the screams of peacocks and monkeys.

The numerous towns that rise, too, in quick succession, as by enchantment, and the busy scenes of human anxiety and folly, all contribute to excite and gratify curiosity. Who has ever sailed up the Ganges to Delhi, and seen the wonders of Patna, Benares, Agra, &c. without amazement and admiration? Could he look upon the ruins of Mogul splendour, and the monuments of Brah-

manical power, and not feel his faculties enlarged, and his sensibility affected? The gardens and palaces of Shalimar, once the abode of ten thousand beauties, are now clothed in the wildness of long neglect. There is scarcely a flower left to breathe its "sweetness on the desert air."—*Sic transit gloria mundi.*



N<sup>o</sup>. VII.

## SUPERSTITION IN INDIA.



“What can be avoided,  
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?”

SHAKSPEARE.

OF all the mental infatuations to which humanity is subject, superstition appears to be the most deeply implanted in the seat of thought; and when the imagination is warmed by prophetic effusions, or prospective views of futurity, the luxuriance of its vegetation creates a perfect wildness. Education removes the mental vapour of superstition from the internal sphere, as the sun dispels a dense cloud from the external world; but, among the natives of India, where ignorance is encouraged by priestcraft for the sake of the



power which it bestows, this calenture of the mind reigns despotically, and induces them to accredit the grossest absurdities.

Few years have been more fertile than the last,\* in alarming prophecies and dreadful predictions. In the forenoon of the 12th of February, a shock of an earthquake was felt at Lucknow: every heart in the city shook with apprehension, and all the old women turned up their eyes in alarm and terror. An ascetic, remarkable for exuberance of beard and length of nails, was heard to pronounce, under the supposed influence of inspiration, *some hollow unintelligible sound*. A greybeard, who thought he had a wiser head on his shoulders than any of his neighbours had, interpreted this as an indication that something extraordinary would happen. The alarm spread, and it was soon rumoured by one, who had heard it from a third, who had received it from good authority, that Vishnu was undergoing his last metamorphosis. Another reported that one of the idols in the temple had been seen

\* This paper was written in Calcutta in 1813.

in tears: every eye streamed with sorrow, and prediction on prediction followed at full gallop. One said a calamity would happen; another added dreadful to it; a third thought himself at liberty to explain it, by assuring his believing audience that the ten thousand millions of gods were in confusion, fighting the giants for butter, the latter having taken possession of the region bordering on the milky sea; and that the earth had been nearly knocked from the back of its supporter by the fist of the giant who had before evinced his prowess in disfurnishing the sun's mouth of teeth, and belabouring the moon most unmercifully, and that it would certainly have fallen, had not the elephant-headed Vinayaguin supported it with his trunk. This was an account that caused terror and distraction, foam and apprehension, lest the giant should give the earth the knock-down blow. In the afternoon another shock was felt; fury, clamour, and despair ensued, with almost universal prostration; and each thought he was going he knew not whither. Those that could stand did not look behind them, but escaped, and reported that Luck-

now was no more. This news electrified every Brahman in Calcutta, and the "heads of ten thousand" were offered, to avert a similar fate. In the mean time, it was said that a golden plate of immense value had been found by a Fakier, with an inscription in some unknown language, which a wise greybeard had explained to import that Calcutta would be destroyed in time to come—nay, the day was even fixed by some, who had it from unquestionable authority; and by others it was asserted, that the plate was in the government-house.

Report loses nothing in a city—we had it repeated in various forms. One said that we were to go up; another, that we should go down; a third suggested an amendment, a fourth an explanation, and some one with a much longer head than the rest, positively affirmed, that we and the earth would be kicked to the infernal regions by Vishnu, with as much ease and rapidity as he had sent the head of Magapelixacravanti before us, in a similar manner. Many decamped with bag and baggage, much to their own satisfaction. The misers remained trem-

bling for their souls and their money, and the poor in the hope of sharing the general wreck and plunder.

On the 10th of April we were all alarmed by the shock of another and a greater earthquake; and many a groan was heard, amidst noise, bustle, and frantic exclamation. The good and wise people of Calcutta were tossed to-and-fro, and, like feathers in a whirlwind, exhibited indescribable confusion. The time of destruction was then postponed, and fear and apprehension were kept alive, till, like a worn-out constitution, they rejected all medicines, and sank into tranquillity. When the mountain was in labour it produced a mouse, and therefore rewarded the multitude with something; but Lucknow remains, Calcutta has increased, and expectation has been recompensed with smoke, nonsense, and nothing.

From this faint sketch it will occur to the intelligent mind, that the veil of futurity is impervious to the eye of mortality; that the hand of Omnipotence is too sublimely merciful to delight in torturing the insect of its own production; and that weak man should not anticipate what he

cannot foresee; but, prepared for the worst, with pure religion in his heart, should rest firm as fortitude on a pedestal of hope, amidst

“ The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds.”

N<sup>o</sup>. VIII.

## COMMANDING OFFICERS.

O, it is excellent  
 To have a giant's strength ! but it is tyrannous  
 To use it like a giant.

SHAKESPEARE.

It often happens that men, while in subaltern situations, are disposed to view their superiors as tormentors, and to compliment themselves upon being free from imperfections which they clearly perceive in those above them ; yet, when the same "brief authority" devolves on them, their conduct becomes such as they before condemned. The humility which this reflection suggests, will, I trust, prevent me from overstepping the modesty of nature in the following sketch of my commanding officers.

My first was an excellent field-tactician. He was a Scotchman, of a generous and liberal soul; proud as a Turk; and so fond of dress, that he changed the appointments of the officers several times. Under his command every one was obliged to appear, at all seasons, when out of quarters, in full regimentals. His secret of commanding was, to keep the soldiers so busy, that little time was left for the commission of crimes. Corporal punishment he disliked; the congee-house being preferred by him to the drummer's cat. In short, he was a man of plain, good sense; and such was his influence over the officers of the *corps*, that there was not a court-martial in the regiment, on any one of them, for several years. Like most of his countrymen, however, he did not forget himself; and he was charged with being partial to every thing north of the Tweed. To his quarter-master he gave every opportunity of enriching himself; but, I believe, notwithstanding remarks made to the contrary, this was done with the good intention of serving an old soldier, who had a large family to support.

The next at the head of the *corps* was an officer without any opinion of his own: confusion was, therefore, soon visible; for the whole regiment split into parties, each striving to turn the imbecility of their chief to individual advantage. Things soon came to a crisis, for the Adjutant knocked him down. A court-martial was expected; but as this would have injured the interests of the regiment, promotion in such cases going out of the *corps*, the business was hushed, and the Major permitted to sell out; by which the senior captain gained rank, and the Adjutant's commission was saved.

In this state the Lieutenant-Colonel found the *corps*, on his arrival in India from Europe. There never was a man more inclined to be despotic than he; for his own construction was, in his mind, good law, and every one who differed in opinion a rebel. Yet he was kind, generous, and humane when implicitly obeyed; a most zealous friend; but a deviation from his wishes roused a dangerous enemy. Portly in person, and severe in aspect, he was well-formed by nature for command. From confusion he pro-



duced order and beauty; and in a short period the regiment became a *drack corps*.

It was next my fate to be placed under a commanding-officer, who, though a brave and worthy man, hardly ever considered himself safe without advice; upon which, too often, he acted, in preference to the dictates of his own heart and head. Strange inconsistencies often mark such conduct. A fine young officer was brought to a court-martial for a hasty expression in a letter; whilst another, who was guilty of infamous and scandalous conduct, escaped. The paymaster was cashiered for a trifling fraud, while the quartermaster retired with a fortune acquired in a manner contrary to the regulations of the service. In short, one subaltern lost his commission for sending a challenge to another; whilst he whom he called out was promoted, though he had behaved in a manner the most unlike that of a gentleman.

My last was an Irishman, with unbounded vanity, and, it must be acknowledged, considerable talent. He was generous, exceedingly brave, fond of glory, and ever devoted to the public

good. On the other hand, he was passionate, obstinate, and often urged by rashness and impetuosity into acts which afterwards he had to regret. It was no easy matter to use language sufficiently guarded to him: an *if*, or *you know*, never failed to hurt his pride; for he considered that doubt, or hesitation in agreeing with what he said, arraigned his knowledge. Numberless were the vexations we all had to endure under him; the men were pestered, and the officers annoyed. The Adjutant, when suffering under a most mortifying instance of the power which military command gives to man of inflicting mental pain, was advised to resign.

“No,” answered he; “I consider that mode of escape from trouble little better than suicide. What! because I am ill-used by a superior officer, am I to injure my future prospects, by doing the very thing which will perhaps gratify him? In acting thus, should I not quit a contest, and leave my enemy exulting at my retreat? For, is not laying down an office, because the performance of its duties has become irksome, a desertion

of one's post in the hour of trial, when the resources of the mind should be applied to conquer difficulties?"

This doctrine I leave to the consideration of the reader.

N<sup>o</sup>. IX.

## THE GOVERNOR'S BALL.



"Who thundering comes on blackest steed,  
 With slacken'd bit and hoof of speed?  
 Beneath the clattering iron's sound  
 The cavern'd echoes wake around,  
 In lash for lash, and bound for bound.  
 The foam that streaks the courser's side  
 Seems gather'd from the ocean tide;  
 Though weary waves are sunk to rest,  
 There's none within his rider's breast."

BYRON.

I HAD just returned to the comforts of Bombay,  
 from a long and arduous campaign in the wilds  
 of Guzerat, when the Governor's ball was an-  
 nounced. "Get me a palankeen, Hormongee,"  
 said I, with all the pleasure that contrast such as  
 I experienced produces.

This I said to my Parsee servant, who perfectly understood me. It may be necessary, however, to inform the reader, that palankeens and boys stand at certain places in the great towns of India, as hackney-coaches and sedans do in London, for their own profit, and the convenience of all who can pay for being carried. The bearers, or palankeen-boys of Bombay, are strong, intelligent fellows; and four of them will carry a person with great speed, for two or three miles, without complaining of the least fatigue. As they run they entertain you with a song, to which their feet and arms keep excellent time, and bestow upon you a profusion of praise, for which they expect to be paid with buxies, or a small present, beyond the usual fare. It was not my fortune, however, on the present occasion, to have my vanity tried, or my purse opened by their flattery; for Hormongee came back with the long face of disappointment, and assured me that neither love nor money could obtain a palankeen, every one having been pre-engaged.—“But,” added he, “if master please, I can get loan my cousin Monagee’s buggy and Toka.”

Now Toka was a very respectable white horse, of high shoulder and good paces. I knew the animal, but not the buggy; and, trusting that one corresponded with the other, I immediately expressed my satisfaction. In short, Monagee, who kept a shop in our regimental bazaar on the island of Colabah, which is separated from Bombay only at high-water, waited on me soon after, and with many flourishes concluded, "that he was most happy to serve me." Nevertheless, I perfectly understood that Monagee did not forget himself; as he seized this fair opportunity to intimate, that my interest with the commanding-officer would get him appointed our canteen-man, or the privileged retailer of arrack to the soldiers.

"Well, th—n me," said young B——, one of our grenadier officers, dashing into my bungalow or cottage, followed by a dozen of greyhounds, spaniels, and puppies, "but this is too bad—no palankeens to be had for the ball—the government ought to regulate this better."—"Yes," said I, "all such matters would be well regulated, B——, if you were governor." I need not give his reply and my rejoinder; it is enough to state,

that I offered, and he accepted, a place in Monagee's buggy; and, having Adonized in the evening, we saw our vehicle draw up to the door, the sciscie or horsekeeper at Toka's head, the lamps lighted, and all ready. It was near the opening of the monsoon, or rainy season; but the night was mild and beautiful, though it had been a stormy day.

We started. Accustomed as we were to Indian scenery, we could not help admiring the beauty of the tall cocoa-nut trees that overshadowed us in passing down Old Woman's Island, nor the wild grandeur that surrounded us in crossing to Bombay. The tide was out, and we required not the ferry-boat; but a ledge of black rocks rose on our right hand, against which the ocean lashed; whilst on the other the retiring waves appeared at a little distance, and by the magic of reflection seemed far above our level, and willing to roll back upon us. The long white sandy beach glittered under the starlight; and the ramparts of Bombay frowned black and grim and terrible before us. We passed along some of the batteries, left the esplanade behind us, entered the

busy and populous native town, beyond which are the garden-houses of the Europeans, whose opulence enables them to reside in the country; and about nine o'clock alighted at the Governor's. His rural seat, originally a Jesuit's college, was now illuminated by wax, instead of the dim tapers of a religious order, and adorned with the beauty and fashion of the presidency, whose equipages were crowding forward under a blaze of torch-light. Numerous native servants, in rich Asiatic costume—long scarlet gowns, embroidered bands, and rose-coloured turbans, with silver sticks, lined the vestibule; and the Governor's aides-de-camp were all on the alert, handing ladies from their carriages, and introducing strangers.

In the course of a few years' actual service, a soldier experiences such change and variety, that it is no wonder he should soon cease to feel surprise. I had lately been accustomed to the din of war. The mimetic features of Mars, which I had gazed upon in tiger and wild-boar hunts, were realized in noble marches after bodies of Pindarries, the human lions of Hindostan, over desolated plains, and through almost impene-



trable jungles. Now I entered a spacious and brilliantly-lighted ball-room, waving with ostrich plumes, and sparkling with the lustre of ladies' eyes. Sir Evan N——, the Governor, stood amidst a circle of civil and military courtiers, at the upper end of the room. He was a tall thin figure, with a slight bend forward. His keen features were impressed with the march of years, and his head was freely sprinkled with snow by the hand of time. The sun of India had not impaired the vigour of his frame: with all the appearance of age, he still manifested the vivacity of youth; wore a rich court-dress, blue trimmed with gold; and saluted on the cheek every fair lady on her first arrival, advancing like an able general who takes a fort by surprise, and apologizing like a clever courtier, who pays a compliment while he snatches a favour:—"O, lady! this is my only privilege as Governor, which I highly prize."

This custom, however, as he knew that it *would be more honoured in performance than in breach*, subjected Sir Evan N—— to the task of saluting all strange ladies. Such, indeed, is the effect of

vanity, that I have heard an old lady complain of neglect from the Governor, her chagrin having been evidently produced by feeling that her hour of charming had passed away, and that it was cruel to remind her of the thefts of Chronos.

Near the Governor stood the Persian ambassador and suite, whose costume and bearded faces grouped well in the picture, which was also heightened by the fantastic Armenian and the swarthy native Portuguese. The room was filling rapidly; and I wondered that dancing had not commenced. Two military bands were playing alternately for the civil, military, and naval promenaders, who circled and fluttered with the lively belles and votaries of Terpsichoré. Upon inquiry, however, I found that the delay was occasioned in courtesy to a fair bride, who had returned the day before from her honey-moon excursion to Pootah, and who was to open the ball. At length Mrs. — entered, supported by two aides-de-camp, and followed by the Brigade-Major and Military Secretary, whilst her husband brought up the rear, and guarded every thing but an interchange of eyes. The lady

blushed high, and performed her part with all the bewitching indications of modesty and delicacy, the most beautiful jewels that can ornament marriage. She trembled at the fatherly welcome of Sir Evan N——; but shrunk from the bold glance of the Persian, who eyed beauty with the unrestrained license of his country. At length the merry dance commenced.

I, who am a looker-on, roved about, enjoying my own reflections on all I saw and heard. The Governor evidently expected some arrival; and I heard a whisper go round in the form of an inquiry:—"Will Mrs. C—— not be here?"

Mrs. C—— was the wife of a Cornet, who had arrived from England only a few days before; and the gentlemen who had come out in the same vessel spoke in such raptures of her beauty, that the Governor and every one burned to see a living representative of the Venus de Medicis. It is not often that an ensign or cornet is envied by generals and governors; but every one seemed to think young C—— a most fortunate fellow. Indeed he was so in every sense of the word; for his charming wife was as good as she was beauti-

ful, and as accomplished as she was innocent. He had won the prize of her youthful affections, and, contrary to the wishes of her sordid guardian, had carried off the casket, leaving the jewels in chancery. They were a lovely pair, and such as Love and Hymen would have joined in the golden age: it is proof enough that our's is an age of iron, when people wonder at the conjunctions of poverty and beauty, and cease to feel surprise at the union of January and May.

Well, Mr. C—— did at length arrive; and C—— led his lady into the room, having declined presentation, at her request; but the Governor claimed his tribute, and Mrs. C—— was too well bred to make herself an object of attention. Rich in native charms, she unconsciously was so. Even the Persian was so inflamed with admiration, that his beard was continually obliging Mr. and Mrs. C—— to retreat. She, sweet creature, soon mixed in the giddy maze of dance, and escaped from the fire of licentious notice.

Mrs. C—— was of the middle stature among women. Her form and air were symmetry and harmony; her face was a personification of love-

liness. Her features were soft, and all flowing, as it were, into liquid namelessness; yet intelligence, vigour, and life were visible at every glance of the brightest blue eye that imagination can conceive. Nothing could rival the transparency of her complexion; in which the flowers of love seemed, as it were, springing from the garden of the heart. Such was Mrs. C——, that we all paid her beauty the homage of unqualified admiration.

My friend B—— had joined the light fastastic set, whose heads and feet formed a study for thought. His fair partner was Mrs. Major S——, whose story has made some noise. It holds forth such an example of obedience to parental authority—such a sacrifice of self to sisterly affection—shows so strongly the power of human passion, the frailty of our nature, and the danger of setting the rules of society at defiance, that it may be a public benefit to extend its circulation.

Flora Hartley was the youngest daughter of a gentleman in the West of England, who piqued himself on the high antiquity of his noble descent,

and on his good fortune in being able to control destiny. It will easily be deduced from these characteristic traits, that he was a proud, self-willed, country Baronet, or 'Squire, with all the good and bad qualities which are thence generated. He had two sons and two daughters: his youngest son was an officer of rank in India. Upon his return home, on leave of absence, he introduced his friend, Captain S——, to his sisters; and spoke of his gallantry and worth in such terms, that the ladies were warmed into admiration before they saw him.

S—— was captivated by the beauty and innocence which characterized the sisters of his friend: so equally, indeed, had nature distributed her charms, and so liberally had education embellished both, that it was long before his heart acknowledged a preference for Flora. Such had been the general nature of his attentions, that both ladies were captivated by his addresses. Flora's sister, with all the confidence of affection, had revealed the partiality with which she beheld S—— to her alone; it was, therefore, with a mixture of pain and pleasure, Flora discovered that her hand was

the object of her sister's supposed lover. Her penetration had seen the fluttering state of S——'s heart. Reflection told her that her father would never consent to see his younger daughter married before the elder ; she, therefore, determined upon sacrificing her own affection and interest at the shrine of obedience and sisterly love.

Poor Flora was supported by her own magnanimity. She saw the man she preferred to all the world married to her sister—she saw them embark for India—she shed tears over her own sorrows—but she prayed devoutly for their happiness.

“ She never told her love ;  
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek.”

To make my story brief, be it simply related, that poor Flora fell into such a declining state of health, as to induce her brother to take her with him and his lady to India, for the benefit of a hot climate. This happened about five years after the departure of her sister and husband. Meanwhile, her father had paid the debt of nature.

How far the tyranny of passion, and the attractive power of inclination, might have seduced Flora to comply with her brother's proposal, I leave to the decision of my reader. To be near a beloved object is delightful. We think we may gratify our eye by looking upon what is dear to it, without adulterating the heart; but let brothers and sisters read the story of Francesca and Paulo, as told by Boccacio in his Commentary on the Fifth Canto of Dante's *Inferno*, and beware.\*

\* Francesca was the Lord of Ravenna's daughter, between whose family and that of the Lord of Rimini there had been a long and deadly feud. At length it was arranged, by the mediation of mutual friends, that the beautiful Francesca should be married to the heir of Rimini; and thus, by the bonds of affinity, establish lasting peace. Lanciotto, the young Lord proposed, though a youth of spirit and enterprize, was deformed in person, and of a disagreeable aspect; it was, therefore, suggested, that Paulo, the brother of Lanciotto, who was an Apollo in person and mind, should pay his addresses to Francesca by proxy, and espouse her in the name of his brother. Ambition induced the lady's father to agree to this; and though he foresaw dangerous con-



When Flora arrived at Bombay, she had to weep over her sister's grave; and it fell to her lot

consequences, he confided in his daughter's sense of duty being a guard to her subsequent conduct.

Under the influence of such cruel deceit, Francesca was won by Paulo, to whom she yielded her whole heart. She was conducted to Rimini immediately after the celebration of her marriage, and did not discover the fallacy till the light of morning shed its tell-tale on Lanciotto by her side, instead of Paulo. The conflict in her mind she concealed; and her husband never suspected that his brother could be made the instrument of his dishonour, till his own eyes discovered himself disgraced. Rushing in upon the guilty pair, he struck at Lanciotto with his dagger, and Francesca, endeavouring to save him, received a fatal stroke; so that Lanciotto sacrificed both to his resentment.

Dante makes the lady's ghost in hell describe how her virtue was overcome:—

" One day (a day I ever must deplore!)  
The gentle youth, to spend a vacant hour,  
To me the soft seducing story read,  
Of Lancelot and fair Geneura's love;  
While fascinating all the quiet grove,  
Fallacious peace her snares around us spread.

Too

to offer consolation to her brother-in-law. Such was the purity of her mind, that she never thought a union with her sister's husband possible; and it is even said, that she encouraged the addresses of another ardent lover with hope. Be this as it may, her brother-in-law quarrelled with him, killed him in a duel, and espoused the object of their mutual attachment.

Such unions are, for good reasons, discountenanced by the moral world; and neither the rank, talent, and fortune of Major S—, nor the amiable qualities of his lady, have been able to

Too much I found th' insidious volume charm;

And Paul's mantling blushes, rising warm,

Still, as he read, the guilty secret told:

Soon from the line his eyes began to stray;

Soon did my yielding looks my heart betray,

Nor needed words our wishes to unfold."

BOYD'S TRANSLATION.

The moral of this fine picture shews, that "Lead us not into temptation," is the prayer best suited to human frailty. The story has been rendered more familiar to the English reader, by Leigh Hunt's poem, entitled *RIMM*.

command more than a cold reception at large and mixed assemblies: they are excluded in all selection, forced to court family companionship, and pointed at by the finger of observation.

About midnight the Governor, bearing in mind the strict etiquette of India, led off the Lady-Commander-in-chief to the supper-room, followed by many a discontented fair one, who thought she had lost caste by not being handed to table by a gentleman of exactly her husband's rank. I need not expatiate on the luxuries of our Governor's table; the hot ices, cold curries, insipid mulgatawny, undone palou, excellent wine—sparkling champagne, and piquant claret. Who ever expected comfort and good order in such a crowd, or tasted bad Bacchus where Sir Evan N—— presided? The midshipmen of the Bombay marine were delighted, and became so forgetful, as to border on the regions of impertinence, obliging every gentleman who remained over his bottle, instead of returning to the ball-room, by a simultaneous movement, to shew them the contempt of abrupt departure.

By this time the ladies had all whirled away,

and B—— and I called for our scise, buggy, and Toka. A change had come over the external scene. The rain had fallen in torrents, and it was yet pouring; but our dripping scise had raised the hood and oil-cloth apron, so that we got in and felt quite snug. We proceeded about half-a-mile very well; but the night was so wet, that our humanity induced us to make the scise get up on the foot-board. Here our comfort changed; for Toka, feeling an unusual something near his tail, began to strike at it with both his heels. Monagee's buggy was by no means equal to this trial of its strength. It proved to be a broken-down, patched-up vehicle; and at once a shaft broke, and the body fell on the axletree. By this alarming change, the hood was thrown forward, the scise upset, and precipitated between the foot-board and the iron stanchion which bound the shafts, immediately behind Toka, where he stuck, with his head downwards, and his feet staring us full in the face. This was a melancholy sight in our confined position, with the hood pressing on our shoulders; for we had

given the reins to the scise, and desired him to drive, intending to refresh ourselves with a nap, and he had let them go in his fall. Toka was not a horse to feel himself at liberty without enjoying it. He set off at full gallop. The broken shaft, which had been mended with an iron plate, trailed on the road; and the latent fire which its friction called into action formed a living stream, enabling us, by its light, to contemplate the peril and horror of our situation. At length I crept out through the back part of the hood, and called to B—— to follow my example; but his grenadier dimensions totally disqualified him from turning; and the rapidity of Toka's pace altogether prevented me from leaping down: so that I stuck perched on the back seat; and, by the light of the moon, saw several gentlemen, whom we overtook, jump out of their palankeens, and heard them set up a loud shout, as though our misery had been their glory. Whether the scise preserved his presence of mind, or accidentally caught the reins, I know not; but after we had travelled about a mile in the alarming state I

have described, he turned Toka's head towards a milk-bush hedge that skirted the road, and stopped him.

I cannot express the pleasure I felt in leaping, with my white silk stockings and dress-coat, into the mud. My cocked hat flew one way out of my hand, while its long plume streamed to the ground by another. My friend B—— also got liberated; and we found that we could both stand erect, and march in the dirt, which was up to our knees, notwithstanding all that had happened; so we most heartily congratulated each other, and expressed our joy at being soaked in rain and puddle. Such is the elasticity of man; he bends to suffering, and rebounds to happiness at every respite from pain.

At this crisis of our adventure a hackery, or bullock-coach, with a painted canvas hood, overtook us; and, out of a palankeen which travelled along with it, leaped Mr. M'Arthy, the master of the band belonging to the Bombay European regiment, who was returning from playing his clarionet at the ball. He expressed his surprise and regret at seeing two officers in such a pickle,

and most attentively ordered his musicians to vacate the hackery for our accommodation. We thanked him, promised to reward his men, and got under cover before we were absolutely wet through.

In Malabar and Mysore these vehicles are called shigrampos, literally *go-fasts*; but our's deserved any thing but such a name. In short, it was day-light before we reached the Native or Black-town of Bombay. Here the bullocks, finding themselves at home, for they had been hired thence, refused to proceed farther; and as the rain was now over, we got out, agreeing to walk to Colabah across the Esplanade. Every one who knows any thing of India, has heard of the beauty of morning there. Life seems to be called into joyful activity by the approach of day. You see the Hindoos hastening to bathe and pray; the Mahommedans on their knees looking towards Mecca; and at Bombay the Parsees standing on the Esplanade, with crossed arms, muttering hymns to the sea, and watching the first beam of the sun. You behold the women of all denominations going to the wells and tanks for

water. You see the toddy-gatherers, or men who collect the juice of the palm-tree, climbing up the long stems, and hanging fearfully between earth and sky. Indeed, you see so many extraordinary sights, that I must withdraw my attention from a general review, to the contemplation of one that struck me on this particular occasion ; and as it affords me materials for a true story, I hope the reader will also turn to it with satisfaction.

B—— and I calculated that, by the time we could reach our own sweet little island, we should, on the long neck of land leading to it from the ferry, meet one of our brother officers marching at the head of the relief-guard to Bombay, impenetrable as a tortoise, in his cloak, blue trowsers, and Wellington boots. Now, either laughing or quizzing was naturally to be expected by men in soiled silk stockings and full military costume, who had omitted even to bring a boat-cloak as a wrap, in case of the weather's changing. To avoid this exposure, we agreed to half an hour's delay ; and, in search of the sublime and curious, I led my friend towards the Parsee cemetery on the sea-shore. The Parsees neither burn nor bury the



bodies of their dead, but expose them in two receptacles, one for males and the other for females, made of solid masonry, and open only at the top for the admission of birds of prey. Having deposited the corpse in one of these sepulchres, through a door at the bottom, it is left, slightly covered with a muslin cloth, to be devoured. The bones are then carefully collected and buried in an urn, with certain ceremonies. This mode of sepulture was common in ancient times, in some parts of Persia. It excites surprise now, by its seeming barbarism; and that it should be practised by such an enlightened and humane tribe as the Parsees of Bombay, who are very justly called the Quakers of the East, is strange. Precept and example will, however, school the human mind to any thing; and, therefore, we need not wonder at strange customs, when we reflect, that our own are considered surprising and ridiculous in their turn.

As we were nearing this curious golgôtha, we beheld about forty men and women, whom we recognized as forming a Parsee funeral-procession. Amidst them was a corpse, which we after-

wards found to be the body of a young female, on a cot, or low bed, that served for her bier. They all seemed to be her near relations; and, instead of the solemn decency which I had before observed at such ceremonies, this exhibited hurry and secresy: the hour was unusually early; the lamentations were not loud; there was no beating of the breast by the women; but, in long dresses smeared with ashes and paint, and with dishevelled hair streaming to the morning breeze, they were uttering low groans and imprecations. Tears were flowing copiously down two of the women's cheeks, and we could hear them lament that ever they had been born, and utter wildly-suppressed rejoicings, that she whom they bore along was dead. When they arrived at the receptacle, instead of unlocking the door, and placing the body on the platform with tenderness, it was thrown, with apparent detestation, from the parapet; and we heard the echo of its fall with a chill of horror.

All this naturally aroused my curiosity; and through the instrumentality of Hormongee and Monagee, to the latter of whom I promised my

interest respecting the canteen, by way of bribe for divulging the secrets of his sect, I received the following particulars, which I have every reason to believe perfectly true, and in strict accordance with Parsee usage.

Limgee Dorabjee, a respectable trader in jewels, had a daughter called Yamma, whose beauty equalled the lustre of the finest diamond. She appeared, among the virgins of her tribe, as a gem of Golconda amidst beads of glass. Her parents saw in her, as in a flattering mirror, their fondest wishes. They pearled her jet black hair with many a costly transparent row; their rubies in burning glow were pendant from her delicate ears; their sapphires from her graceful nose; while many a far-famed mine glittered on her bosom, sparkled on her fingers and arms, and shed its light on her toes and ankles. Gold and silver gave splendour to her dress: in short, in the impassioned phrase of Lord Byron, and perhaps with less of poetical hyperbole—

“ She was a form of life and light,  
That seen became a part of sight.”

This charming young Parsee, or Peri, was about

fourteen years old, an age at which the female figure attains the sound perfection of beautiful ripeness in India. Indeed marriage takes place generally at a much earlier period of life; but in Yamma's case, the young man to whom she was affianced had been detained at Surat nearly two years, by important commercial affairs, in which he was deeply concerned; and the expensive ceremony, on solemnization of wedlock, had been postponed from time to time, in anxious expectation of his return.

Yamma's prospects were bright as the star of Venus. In her tribe women are treated with great consideration: they act an important part in the public and private concerns of their husbands, go unveiled, and, in point of personal freedom, they are under no restraint beyond that which delicacy and the custom of their mothers impose. The Parsee usages, with respect to marriage, are founded upon the happiness of domestic life, and they provide for the preservation of purity in the fair sex so effectually, that it is the boast of this admirable class of the Indian community, that their wives never prove unfaithful;

nor is there an instance of prostitution among their daughters. Indeed their character in this respect is so well established at Bombay, that it is believed every aberration from virtue in their tribe is punished with immediate death, and the notoriety of the family disgrace carefully suppressed. The Parsee laws and usages are so well framed for the prevention of crime and the adjustment of disputes, that an instance scarcely ever occurs of a reference to British justice. A Parsee can have but one wife. If she die, her family are bound to find a widow for the forlorn one's second mate; for he is not allowed to marry a young girl, as with us, in his old age; nor is he obliged to wed again, should he be desirous of preserving fidelity to his departed half. The same rule holds, if the husband die: his family are bound to find a widower, in compliance with a wish on the subject, indicated by the lady's friends. By this judicious arrangement, the frailties of human nature are restrained, and even converted into a public benefit. The Parsee women receive the advantages of education; many of them can read, write, play on the Indian

guiltar, make up accounts accurately; and, in some transactions I have had with them, they appeared very sensible and intelligent. All public business, however, is transacted by the men. The women do not appear in mixed company; but in influencing affairs, and in private negotiations, they are powerful instruments.

Such was the lovely Yamma, and such were the promises of hope, when it was her fate to be rescued from imminent peril by the intrepidity of Captain S——. She had accompanied her mother, in a covered and gorgeously-decorated hackery, to a garden-house which belonged to her father on Colabah. They staid in the garden rather longer than their attendants wished, pleased with its cooling fruits, neat walks, silver streams, and shady trees. The golden banana, glittering mangoe, and imperial jack attracted their gaze and touch. At length their bullocks, in splendid housings, proud of the music of the silver bells which played in suspension from their necks, approached the bed of the tide, which I have before described as separating the island of Colabah from Bombay. The raft was beginni

to ply in the lower part of the channel, but the carriage-road, along the crest of the high rock, was practicable, though the rising tide might be seen glittering in streams across its black ravines. The drivers and runners calculated that the bullocks would cross before the tide covered the rocks, and they urged them at full speed. A strong breeze, however, came into Bombay harbour, with the flow from the ocean; and before the hackery reached the shore, the ladies saw with terror that the devouring element was floating them, that their footmen were swimming and in great agitation, striving to keep the bullocks' heads towards the land. Alarm soon finds utterance. The mother and daughter mingled their cries, and wept in pity more for each other than for themselves; but their agony was drowned by the roar of the flood, and the crowd at the ferry were too much absorbed in their own views, and too distant, had it been otherwise, to afford them aid.

At this awful moment Captain M—— was galloping from the fort; and, hoping that he should be in time to cross the rocks, he made

directly for the course of the hackery, saw the life-struggle of the men, heard the piercing cry for help by the women, and plunged in to their assistance. His horse was a strong docile Arab, and Captain S——, being exceedingly fond of field sports, had accustomed him to swim rivers, and even the lower part of this ferry, though a quarter of a mile wide. The horse, therefore, swam as directed to the hackery, and Captain S——, having perfect confidence in his strength and steadiness, placed the daughter, who was as light as a fairy, before him; and, with the mother clinging behind, gained the shore in safety, while the hackery and bullocks were swept away by the force of the tide. The terror of the animals, preventing their effectual struggle, destroyed them; for, a moment after the perilous escape of the ladies, the hackery was upset, and the bullocks were drowned.

Many battles and dangers require a longer time in description than in action. It was just so in this case. Short, however, as the time had been, a crowd was gathering; and not only the ladies, but all tongues were loud in thanking



Captain S—— for his gallant conduct. Meanwhile, he gazed on Yamma with wonder, and she on him with grateful surprise. Many of the Parsees have fair complexions, and Yamma's was transparently so. Indeed she looked, though pale with fright, and dripping with brine, so much like Venus rising from Ocean's bed, that S—— pronounced her, in his own mind, the loveliest of the creation. He galloped to the fort, procured palankeens, and saw the fair Parsees conveyed home in safety.

I wish, for Captain S——'s sake—I wish, for the sake of a happy termination to my story—that his acquaintance with Yamma had here terminated; but I am impelled, by the laws of history and the nature of my information, to proceed, not with the wing of fancy, but with the plume of plain matter-of-fact. In short, then, Captain S—— used every means in his power to win the love of Yamma. He corresponded with her through the medium of fakiers, or religious mendicants and fortune tellers. He loved her to distraction; he offered to marry her; for S—— had a soul too noble to ruin the object of his adora-

tion. She listened to the magic of his addresses; she forgot all the customs of her tribe; she afforded her lover opportunities of seeing her: he visited her in the disguise of a Hindoo astrologer, and she agreed to leave father and mother and follow him for life. Unfortunately they were discovered, and so promptly followed by three stout and well-armed Parsees, that S—— was nearly killed in an unequal contest to preserve his prize; and poor Yamma was returned to her enraged and disgraced family.

The reader may conceive her terror and confusion—how she protested her purity and innocence—how she was disbelieved and upbraided—how S—— stormed and raved—how he offered her family every reparation that an honourable man could make, and how they spurned his terms with contempt and indignation. He cannot, however, so easily picture what followed; for he may not have believed or known that such scenes occur in the world. Well, I must briefly describe it—no, I cannot dwell upon it—I will hurry over it, merely sketching the outline, and

turning with horror even from my own faint colours.

The heads of the tribe were assembled, and an oath of secrecy having been taken, the fair Yamma was introduced, arrayed as a bride, and decorated as the daughter of the rich jeweller, Limjee Dorabjee. After certain ceremonies, her mother and grandmother approached her, where she sat like a beautiful statue; and, presenting a poisoned bowl and a dagger, said, in a firm tone:—"Take your choice."—"Farewell, mother! farewell, father! farewell, world!" replied the heroic Parsee daughter, taking the deadly cup; "Fate ordained that this should be Yamma's marriage"—and she drained its contents! Her leaden eyes were watched till they closed in death: she was then stripped, arrayed as a corpse, and conveyed to the receptacle of the dead, as I have described.

When S—— heard that Yamma was gone, and suspected that she had been murdered, according to the customs of the Parsees, the noble fabric of his brain gave way, and reason fell from her throne.

“My horse, my horse!” cried he; and as he patted his war-neck, the scise saw the fire of his tear-starred eye and trembled. Away went horse and rider—far behind ran the groom. He heard the hoof of thunder on the ground, and his master’s voice urging his spirited steed towards the foaming surf—then a loud explosion, as of breaking billows; and, on gaining the sea-shore, he saw a black point on the stormy surface of the ocean, but he never saw the brave S—and his Arab more.



N<sup>o</sup>. X.

## THE VEIL.



His was the lofty port, the distant mien,  
 That seems to shun the sight—and awes if seen;  
 The solemn aspect, and the high-born eye,  
 That checks low mirth, but lacks not courtesy.

BYRON.

THE fakiers and Indian story-tellers always found me an attentive hearer, ready to reward their ingenuity. Indeed, I took great delight in their tales; for though many of them are not worth repetition, they in general abound in such wildness of scenery, and convey such correct ideas of eastern manners, that I profited by the time devoted to those travelling depositories of local transactions. In the hope that the reader will also be pleased with a specimen, I venture to place be-

fore him the following version of a poetical legend, recited to me with much gesture and emphasis by an old yet lively strolling bard, whose flowing beard, patch-work cloak, and conical cap, gave an interest to his figure which I cannot describe.

In Akul Mahomed Khan's strong fort, the lamps are burning bright. In his spacious hall that gallant Afghan chief entertains his friends, and quaffs the rosy wine of Sheraz, or circulates the liquid opium. Seated on rich carpets, some smoke, some dose, some talk of Ghizni's by-gone glory, and some play at chess; while their spears and shields gleam around the wall. Why looks Akul's eye so heavy? Care sits on his brow, and mocks the laugh of wine.—He is all ear and eye.—Mark that start: he hears the draw-bridge drop and the outer gate rebound. Whence comes that breathless horse, whose feet fire the pavement? His turbaned rider, wet with toil, enters, and bowing proudly, presents a packet, wrapped in silk, to Akul's lord, who breaks the glittering seal, and finds—not what he expected, a letter from his trusty friend Byjeeram—but a silver veil, with these gold-embroidered words:—

“ If woman's love to thee be dear,  
O right my wrongs with sword and spear!  
An Afghan lord needs none to press  
His gallant arm, to lend redress  
To injur'd ladies in distress.”

Aloud he read these lines, and waved the shining veil. Out leaped from its scabbard every sword, and vengeance flashed from the eyes of the lords as they circled round their chief, and the noble Rajpoot whose present had roused their warlike souls. Well they knew him by the golden collar he wore, on which, in splendid embossment of precious stones, the sun and horse, the personal deities of his intrepid race, appeared conspicuous; well they knew him by his lofty post and eagle glance, his far-spreading turban, the Khatri-effigies that starred his breast, and the ease with which his sword, his spear, and target sat on his Mars-like form, to be a true descendant of that valiant caste, which may be destroyed, but never conquered. Then Akul Mahomed Khan thus raised his voice;—

“Warriors and friends! I see your hearts. The soul of honour and the spirit of your fathers dance in your eyes. Prepare for action! I retire with this stranger, to learn what it is necessary I should



know. To command success, secrecy and promptitude are required.—But you shall know all in proper time.”

In his closet Akul's lord receives all particulars from Maun Singh, the envoy of the beautiful princess of Odeypoor.

The Maha Rana, or great prince, of Odeypoor, is the highest in rank among the Rajpoots. This family is supposed to be descended from Porus, who fought so bravely in opposing the progress of Alexander the Great; and such are their antiquity and renown, that the most powerful princes of India esteem it the highest honour to be allied in marriage to them. Consequently Rajpootana, or the country of the Rajpoots, has always been convulsed with struggles, and often deluged with blood, when the daughters of the Maha Rana were marriageable.

Goolab Bhye, the princess of the Silver Veil, was the only daughter of this ancient house; and the fame of her beauty spread over the world. She was reported to be as lovely, as light, and as fair as the mother of the gods; and all the warlike Rajpoot princes aspired to her hand. She

had, however, been at a tender age betrothed to Dokul Singh, the presumptive heir to the Raja of Jeypoor, by her father, who, well knowing the intrigues which would be employed to frustrate his wishes for the happiness and repose of his child, kept the contract a profound secret, and amused all aspirants with the visions of hope. But in private the young prince and princess met, and grew up inflamed with mutual love. At length it was represented to the Maha Rana, that he was incurring disgrace by having an unmarried daughter in his family, and he deemed it expedient for his honour to declare the contract. This was the signal for private and open cabal. Jugguth Singh, the Raja of Joudpoor, in league with the chiefs of his house, threatened to besiege Odeypoor, and lay the whole country in flames, unless the Maha Rana named him as his son-in-law. He suborned witnesses, and formed a party in the Raja of Jeypoor's family to prove the bastardy of Dhokul Singh, which, if established, would disqualify him for an alliance with the Odeypoor princess. The Raja of Jeypoor collected his forces, and the din of war was heard in every quarter; for several

other aspirants pushed forward their claims ; and no fewer than seven armies took the field, to decide, by the sword, the right to the beautiful Goolab Bhye.

To detail the bloody operations of the combatants who composed these bodies, is not requisite ; sufficient is it briefly to state, that they so far exterminated each other, as, in the course of a few months, to leave the decision of the struggle in the hands of the Rajas of Joudpoor, Jeypoor, and Odeypoor. The Maha Rana of Odeypoor was, at this period, far less powerful than the Raja of Joudpoor, whose talents, though a wicked and vicious prince, backed by the great resources of wealth which his father had left, were more than a match for the Maha Rana and Jeypoor Raja after the junction of their forces. A dreadful battle was, nevertheless, fought, the issue of which was that the Jeypoor Raja was forced to take refuge in the strong fort of Odeypoor, with the Maha Rana ; while his son Dhokul Singh was besieged, and kept a prisoner in the fortress of Jeypoor.

Jugguth Singh now saw fortune smiling upon him, and commenced the close investment of

Odeypoor with every prospect of success. The Maha Rana was killed in a brave sortie ; and such was the distraction of grief among the ladies of his household for his loss, that all his wives, mistresses, and female slaves rushed voluntarily to his funeral pile, and were consumed with his body ; so that the unfortunate Goolab Bhye saw herself at once deprived of father and mother. What she felt in this desperate state of her circumstances, is a fitter subject for fancy than description. She saw the Raja of Jeypoor also fall in an unsuccessful effort to preserve her for his son ; she saw her garrison wasted by famine and war ; yet, animated by the heroic feelings of her caste, she never gave way to despondency. The distress to which she was at length reduced is best estimated by her application to Akul Mahomed Khan, an Afghan warrior, who was pursuing an ambitious project, with a small Patan force in Bhopal ; for as she had nothing to trust, but his generosity and honour, in availing herself of that custom, which binds an Afghan chief to succour a lady who sends him her veil, she ran the risk of inflaming his

desire, and of suffering the persecution of his addresses.

Akul's lord having made himself master of this story, and inquired into the strength of the besieging army, who, in fancied security, slumbered before Odeypoor, made his arrangements with a dispatch worthy of success. The personal sacrifice which he made will be appreciated, when it is known that he expected at day-light next morning, through the instrumentality of Byjeeram, to gain by surprise the strong hill-fort of Raseen, then possessed by his enemy, Ghyrut ud Deen Khan.

“Hark to the neighing prancing steeds that fill Fort Akul's square ! I see bright spears and burnished shields beneath the struggling beams of night's high queen. No cloak enshrouds you warrior-forms, whose turbans dance in air ; their gleaming brands sit proudly on each thigh ; the holstered pistols are unmasked, and in its rest the blunderbuss gleams terrible. Again the draw-bridge drops !—Again the massy gates rebound ! Mahomed's voice I hear—‘ March ! ’—They wheel

and vanish.—Ask where are they? Vacuum answers—‘Gone!’”

It would jump with my humour to go forward in the words and manner of the raptured bard; but in describing the march of the Patans, and their subsequent operations, he made so many allusions to local subjects, with which the reader may not be familiar, that, to avoid the prolixity of notes, I feel it necessary to descend, as I did in Maun Singh's communication to Lord Akul Mahomed, to plain narrative. I shall, however, when at liberty to do so, resume the bardic strain, and return again to my own jog-trot, as the nature of my materials may influence my discretion.

I have reason to believe that the fortress, called by the story-teller Akul, is the present city of Bhopal, in the province of Malwa, lat.  $23^{\circ} 17' N.$ , long.  $77^{\circ} 30' E.$  The native bards often call places, which have a distinct designation, after the name of their hero; and as Raseen, which Akul Mahomed Khan expected to get possession of the night he marched, is a hill fort within a few miles of Bhopal, I conclude that I am correct as to its geographical situation. It is at present the resi-

dence of Nabob Fonjdar Khan. Dost Mahomed, the founder of the Bhopal royal family, came when young from Afghanistan to Delhi, and served the Emperor Aurungzebe with such fidelity and courage, that he was nominated to the superintendence of Bersiah, a district in Malwa, where he assisted Newal Shah, the Raja of Gunnour, to destroy his enemy the Raja of Chynpoor Barree, and was rewarded with the city of Bhopal and the territory around it, to induce his family and their adherents, who were invited from Afghanistan, to settle there. Akul Mahomed Khan, I believe, was the elder brother of Dost Mahomed; and it would seem that my legend originated in the early part of the eighteenth century, or the latter part of the seventeenth, as Dost Mahomed died in 1723, at the age of sixty-six. His brother is mentioned in history with great respect; and, in point of character, stands far higher than Dost Mahomed, who is charged with acts at which humanity shudders. Akul Mahomed Khan is described in Sir John Malcolm's *Memoir*\*, as attached so devotedly to the usages of his country, that he formed

\* Vol. i. page 357.

rules for all the personal and family affairs of the people. This, indeed, was deemed as imperative upon their princes and chiefs, as upon the most obscure individual of Afghan origin—upon the first in rank among these Afghans, whose excellent character merited the distinction which his birth and their good opinion had assigned him.

Odeypoor is a town in the province of Ajmeer, lat.  $24^{\circ} 35'$  N., long.  $73^{\circ} 44'$ ; and, in a straight line, distant from Bhopal about 250 miles. Joud-poor is the capital of a principality in the same province, lat.  $26^{\circ} 18'$  N., long.  $73^{\circ} 49'$  E. Jeypoor is a neighbouring state, and its capital stands in lat.  $26^{\circ} 55'$  N., long.  $75^{\circ} 37'$  E. Thus the reader is introduced to the scene of action, the time, &c., as correctly as my information enables me to give them.

At this conjuncture of Indian affairs the power of the great Mogul was beginning visibly to decline. The Mahrattas, who had been driven to the mountains by the Moorish invaders, were then looking forward to regain empire over the surrounding population, and bursting from their strong holds in plundering excursions, like those



of the never-to-be-forgotten Pindarries. All who are conversant with the annals of Hindostan, must be aware of the success of the Mahrattas, under their able leader, Sevagee, and the gigantic struggle which their several chiefs in confederacy have had, not only with the native powers, but with British armies, for universal dominion in the East. I need not, therefore, comment upon the bard's allusions to the night-fires in the Mahratta mountain fastnesses, during the march of Lord Akul's detachment. The scenery is represented as wild and sublime, the country being watered by fine rivers, and crossed by chains of majestic mountains.

The Patan force marched with all possible rapidity and persevering diligence; but their commander was under the necessity of using incessant caution, both on the line of his route, and in the bivouacs which were necessary for the refreshment of man and horse, against the insidious attacks of the Bheels and Thugs, the most expert robbers in the universe. As the best security against these consummate knaves, Maun Singh advised Akul

Mahomed Khan to place himself and his detachment under the protection of the Bhats and Charuns.

The manners and habits of the people of India have not changed in any essential degree for several centuries past; and as those thieves, and the extraordinary men by whom they are restrained, still remain to excite the traveller's wonder and apprehension in many parts of the country, it may be interesting to offer a brief notice respecting them.

Of the origin of the Bheels little is known: it is supposed that they are among the most ancient derivations from the aborigines. All the four great castes, however, hold them in abhorrence; and as they eat every kind of animal food, even the cow, they rank with shoemakers in the list of Pariahs, or outcasts. They are all professed thieves; they inhabit the high mountainous regions of the East; and they have an admirable form of government for cementing union on the basis of self-interest; being under the control of chiefs, whom they hold sacred, and obedient to laws which they are taught to consider as of hea-

venly origin. Their invasions of right and property are the result of an organized system of secret theft; open force being scarcely ever employed by them, except in self-defence, and in fighting for their wives, children, and villages. No ingenuity can guard against their dexterity. Like supernatural beings, they seem to set bars and bolts at defiance; and were I to relate some of their extraordinary and successful invasions of property in the heart of our camps, in our cantonments, and in the towns near their haunts, I should be regarded as the author of a romantic fiction, rather than as the relator of historic truth. Sufficient, therefore, it will be for me to say, that every one in their vicinity finds it an advantage to pay for security. The Bheels, it is true, are hung up like dogs by the native governments, when caught in the act of robbery; but this so rarely occurs, that the punishment has never operated as a preventive of the crime. It is a fact honourable to the fair sex, that the Bheel women are remarkable for humanity and tenderness: many instances have, indeed, occurred of their saving the lives of travellers, whom their husbands and fathers would

have put to death. These females, and the old men of their tribe, cultivate the land in the vicinity of their hamlets, while the enterprizing young robbers are absent in plundering excursions, or, armed with their bows and arrows, swords and targets, are dancing on the brow of the mountains, hearing the stories and praises of their native minstrels. Many an entertaining page might be written from the lives and adventures of the Bheel chiefs, who are the Robin Hoods, Rob Roys, and Redmond O'Hanlons of India.

The Thugs are associations of mendicant Brahmans from all parts of the country; and, of late, all castes, even Mahomedans, have been admitted. They are heartless murderers as well as robbers: every one of them carries a long silken cord with a noose, which he throws round the necks of his victims, and winds about their bodies so dexterously, that they are caught and strangled in a moment.

By all these lawless bands, as well as by the Rajpoots, and indeed the whole native population in Hindostan Proper, the Bhats and Charuns are held sacred. It is believed that God created the

Bhats to attend his lion and bull. It was found, however, that the lion killed the bull every day, which vexed the divinity sorely: to remedy this, the Charun was created with a bolder spirit than the Bhat; after which no bull was ever destroyed. The reader may smile at the idea of an account so absurd having power over the human mind; but the reiteration of the most fanciful whim will induce absolute belief, and produce the same effect, under the dominion of superstition, as the most demonstrative fact in the empire of reason and understanding. These Charuns and Bhats are the priests of the Rajpoots, and of many other tribes, who consider them in a more sacred light than the Brahmans, whose doctrines they reject. The chief power of the Charun is founded in the general belief, that, to shed, or cause his blood to be shed, is certain destruction. He becomes, therefore, the safeguard of travellers, the security for merchants, the influencer of justice, and sometimes, but it is said an instance is rare, the agent of fraud and the perpetrator of atrocity. To gain his end he brandishes a dagger, and warns the person or persons to be intimidated, that he

will kill himself. Should this not avail, he stabs himself in a part where the wound cannot be mortal, and throws his blood at the objects of his passion with horrid imprecations of ruin and woe. These wonderful men will thus proceed to torture themselves with ghastly wounds, to kill their children, their parents, their wives, even themselves to gain a desired end. Every Charun, male or female, is schooled from infancy to consider voluntary death as a duty, and to meet fate with a smile of fortitude as the point of honour. They have villages of their own, and, both in dress and manners, the Charuns and Bhats are distinct from all the other population. I have seen their women come out to welcome us to their villages in Guzerat, and return, marching before us in solemn state; dressed in long white robes, like ghosts, chaunting their wild invocations to Siva and Parvati, the favourite Hindoo deities of their worship. As these women are ready at any moment to sacrifice their lives with, and in the cause of their husbands, or tribe, they are held equally sacred with the men, and guarantee property, recover debts, force the performance of contracts, and convoy

travellers. The Bhats do not commit suicide, nor torment themselves. They are the bards and chroniclers of the warrior tribes and their exploits. To them the proud Rajpoot and the thieving Bheel look for consolation in adversity, and increased joy in prosperity: revering them as the rich depositories of legendary lore, and of heroic deeds, the records of which they pour forth in song, to gratify pride and to rouse emulation.\*

The fine old minstrel, who chaunted this legend for my amusement, alluded to these curious and poetic subjects in his rapid enthusiastic description of Akul Mahomed Khan's march to Odeypoor; within a few miles of which ancient city the poet made him bivouac in a valley on the evening of the fourth day after his departure from Bhopal. Here Lord Akul left his detachment; and, disguised as a Fakier, with Maun Singh, as a magician, for his guide, he approached to reconnoitre the position occupied by the army of Juguth Singh, and entered his camp as a spy.

\* For a fuller account of the Charuns and Bhats, the reader is referred to Sir JOHN MALCOLM'S *Memoir of Central India*, vol. iii. p. 131.

The sun was rising from his eastern bed, fresh and brilliant after the embraces of night, when Odeypoor met Akul's eye. He saw that it was seated on a hill, on the summit of which appeared the palace of the Maha Rana, while the pagodas, temples, and high walls, reflecting golden beams of light, presented a grand and imposing spectacle to his view. Westward of the city he descried a large lake, glittering like burnished steel, or an immense mirror—for it is five miles in circumference—under the glorious splendour of the God of day. Wild and rugged hills rose around the city, some robed in the shining white livery of morning, whilst others were clad in the sable of shadow, or the purple of distance. Just out of gun-shot from the city the tents of the Joudpoor prince rose proudly, and covered a space which indicated the great strength of his army. His left rested on a bund, or embankment, which defends the lower part of the town from any overflow of the lake, while his right was inclosed in the sack of a precipitous hill, which, on approach, assumed the characteristic of a mountain. Akul saw immediately that the rear was the assailable quarter;



and that in the event of success, Jugguth Singh's army had no retreat, either in front, right, or left; the mountain throwing them close upon the city on one side, and the lake on the other. In his approach, therefore, Akul marked, with much attention, the roads, or spaces left unoccupied by the followers, cattle of burden, and bazars, as lines of communication with the front of the Joudpoor camp, which he intended to make directly for, in the attack, or night surprise, which he meditated.

On mixing with the idlers in the first bazar Akul came to on entering the enemy's camp, he ascertained that Jugguth Singh had gone to Jeypoor, to levy a contribution on that city, which had surrendered to him, and left his army under the command of his dewan or prime minister, Gopal Singh; that, some time after his departure, the discontented troops, who had long been without pay, and who were disheartened by the length and obstinacy of the siege, had placed Gopal Singh under restraint; in short, that for two days all warlike operations had ceased; that they were performing dharna; and

that their camp was under the protection of the Charuns.

It is necessary that I should explain what dher-na means. This is a Hindoo custom, often resorted to for the purpose of forcing any person into a measure which another has deeply at heart; such as the payment of a debt, the discharge of arrears to troops, &c. The manner of it is this: the soldiers lay their commander under constraint, and make a vow that they will neither eat nor drink till they are settled with, or satisfied, and that they will not let him have any sort of refreshment until he complies, or they die; in which event ruin and destruction are invoked on him and his. This custom is respected by all parties; and as both debtor and creditor are urged, by a craving appetite, to moderation towards each other, in pity to themselves, such struggles generally terminate in an equitable compromise. When an army is at dherna, they are held sacred; and, therefore, the besieged had not molested Juguth Singh's troops for two days. Akul Mahomed Khan, though a Mussulman, was obliged to suspend his meditated attack, and await the issue;

but on that very evening it terminated in the arrival of several camels laden with treasure, and the consent of the soldiers to receive a part of what was due.

These particulars having been ascertained, Akul directed Maun Singh to pass round through the hills, and enter the town by the same private way he had left it, unobserved by the enemy: they agreed that, upon a signal made by Akul from a hill in rear of the camp, Maun Singh, with all Goolab Bhye's disposable force, should sally from the fort, and make a furious charge on the front, while the Patans attacked the rear.

This well-arranged plan was, however, very nearly frustrated by the care taken by Maun Singh to apprize the Charuns in Jugguth Singh's camp of the approaching danger, that they might withdraw, and no chance remain of their blood being shed. A cocoa-nut was thrown from the walls of the fort to one of the Charuns, who stood near, with a mystical inscription on it, which announced somewhat to be dreaded, and avoided by absence; and it was authenticated by the sacred mark of their order. The Charun, upon his

return to the lines, began to chaunt an alarm song, and all his brethren, in stately march, left the camp, and retired to the neighbouring villages, singing in loud chorus thus :

## THE CHARUN'S ALARM.

We mist in yon valley see,  
Clouds on yon mountain ;  
We see the red stream flow  
From life's boiling fountain.

Up, warriors ! up ! like your fathers behave !  
Die like the glorious, or live like the brave !  
Hosts of slain brothers now wing through the sky,  
To view in the battle your actions on high ;  
Welcome your ghosts to the heavenly camp ;  
Seal every wound with eternity's stamp !  
Rise, warriors ! rise ! like your mothers prepare  
To give, not to pay life ! Honour to share !  
Up, warriors ! up ! like your fathers behave !  
Die like the glorious, or live like the brave !

The effect of this song on the officers and soldiers composing the army of investment, the poet describes as electrical. Every warrior stood in a moment in order of battle, and every brand leapt from its scabbard ; every eye gleamed fiery with the animating flame of hope, and every heart beat high with swelling expectation. In short, the

whole line prepared for action, lay upon their arms at night, and, relying upon the prediction of the infallible Charuns, expected a furious attack from Odeypoor.

Thus may be seen the manner in which superstition has always aided priestcraft; and how admirably the one is calculated to perpetuate the existence of the other. The Charun's prophecy being followed by the attack of Akul Mahomed Khan, would confirm all in the belief that supernatural power belonged to these remarkable men.

That the sentiments of the Alarm Song may not be deemed a fanciful picture, but a true representation of the high-minded Rajpoot warriors' feelings, I beg to illustrate my text by reference to authority. Indeed, I am anxious, though aiming at amusement, and offering a work which, in some respects, assumes no higher character than an effort of memory and imagination, to exhibit a faithful picture of manners and of real persons.

To prove the lofty bearing and majestic valour of the Rajpoots, I need only quote what Krishna says to Arjoon in the Bhagwat Geeta: "A soldier of the Khetri tribe (the Rajpoots are of that

caste) hath no superior duty to fighting. Soldier, who art the favourite of God, engage in battle; if thou art slain, thou wilt obtain heaven; if victorious, thou wilt enjoy a world." Respecting the high spirit and pride of the Rajpoot ladies, it may be stated, that one of the dissolute princes of Jeypoor forgot himself so far as to raise Ruska-poor, a Mahomedan dancing girl, by whose beauty he was infatuated, to the highest rank in the principality. He gave her great estates, and ordered the high Rajpoot females of his family to visit her; but they offered to swallow poison, or stab themselves, if he desired it, rather than condescend to the degradation of placing themselves on a level with infamy.\*

Akul Khan, upon returning to his bivouac, assembled his chief officers, and communicated to them his intentions, with such orders as he deemed necessary. He also furnished each leader with a plan of the enemy's position; and omitted nothing that military talent suggests as an assurance of victory. His troops, in a fine state of discipline,

\* *Vide* Sir John Malcolm's *Memoir of Central India*, vol. i, p. 33.

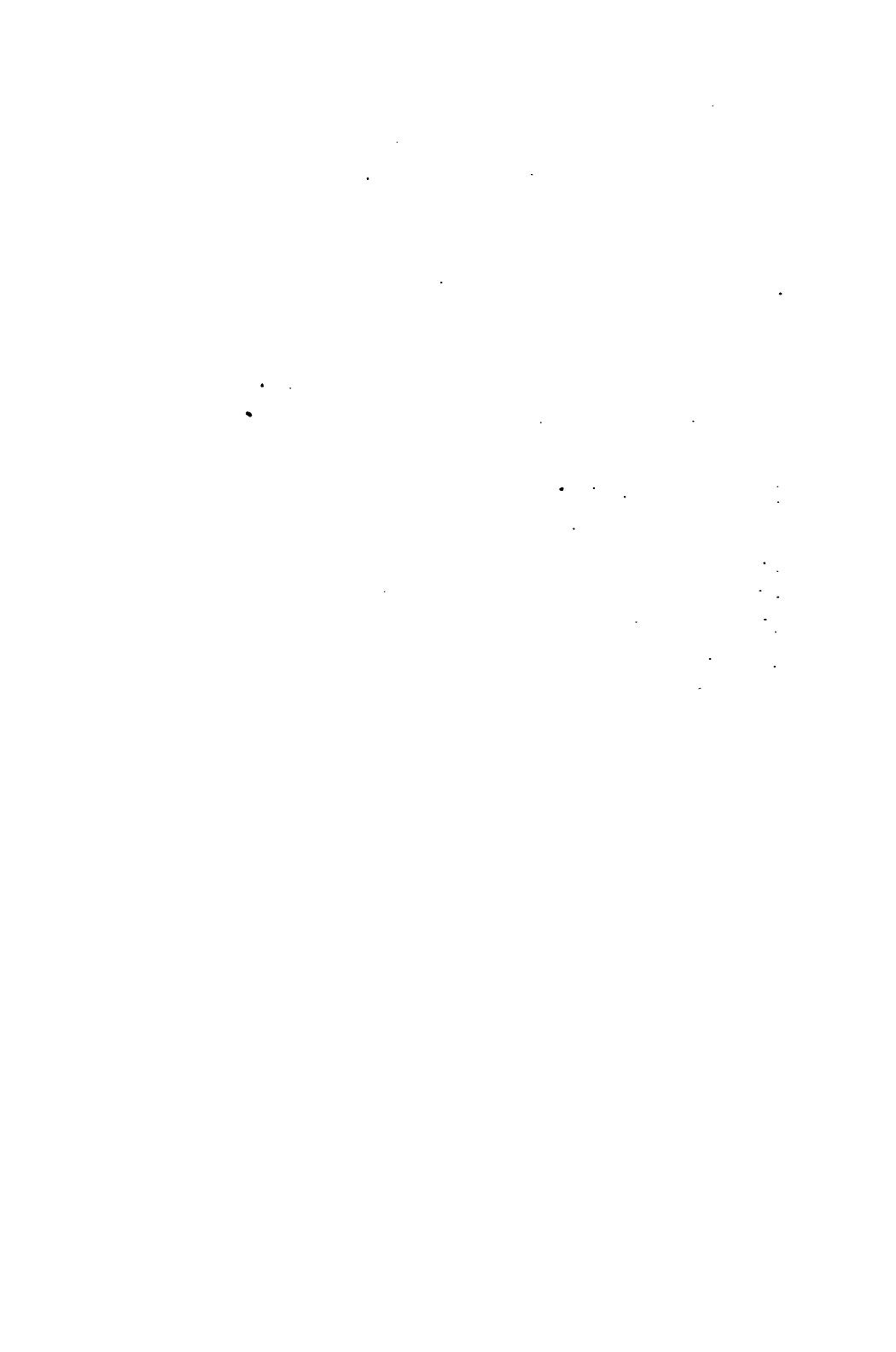
well trained to act either as cavalry or infantry, were formed into three divisions, to attack on foot, by the three principal roads, or *passes* through the Joudpoor lines. They were directed to march at the same moment by different routes; and as the distance had been accurately ascertained, a given pace was ordered, which would bring the heads of the three columns into the enemy's position simultaneously. I need not describe the points which were given to be acted upon, nor the care which was taken to avoid the fire of the attack from the fort. It is sufficient to state, that effective retreat was provided for, if necessary; and that Lord Akul supported the high reputation which he enjoyed as an officer, in his preparations for this daring surprise of a large army by a handful of brave and determined men.

Like a scientific soldier, who understands his profession, he did not neglect the power which opinion has over the human mind in creating panic, and paralyzing energy. He adopted a stratagem for the purpose of magnifying the attacking force in the eyes of the enemy, which was eminently successful. His followers and numbers

of villagers were stationed along the roads by which the three columns attacked, with torches, glittering standards, and burnished arms ; having been ordered to light their fire-brands the moment the attack should be commenced, and seem by noise and uproar as if pressing forward an overwhelming force.

Akul's troops were armed with swords, pistols, and blunderbusses, each of which carried about forty small bullets. Every company had a rear-rank of spearmen ; and the whole had their bodies protected by steel net-work chain armour, while their heads were secured by their turbans from the most violent cuts of the Rajpoot sabre. In this panoply and order, Lord Akul marched down about an hour before day to the attack ; making at the same time the concerted signal, which was a fire that rose like a volcano from a mountain, to Maun Singh.—The sequel shall be related in the succeeding number.





## No. XI.

## THE VEIL.

## PART II.

Ah! now they fight in firmest file no more,  
 Hemmed in—cut off—cleft down—and trampled o'er:  
 But each strikes singly, silently and home,  
 And sinks outwearied rather than o'ercome;  
 His last faint quittance rendering with his breath,  
 'Till the blade glimmers in the grasp of death.

BYRON.

I RECOUNT the particulars of the surprise of the Joudpoor camp and army in the brief, abrupt, but strong manner of my original; regretting much that a deficiency of inspiration prevents me from poetizing the animated description given by the minstrel in patch-work cloak, silver beard, and conical cap.

“Is that the morning star that caps yon teak-crowned\* mountain? Or, is it Akul's signal-

\* Indian oak.

flame, volcanic-like, that paints the dark blue horizon with fire ? Mark how the torches flit in Odeypoor's proud citadel ! Hark ! the tooteries\* and tom-toms† sound to arms round Gopal Singh. The fort's wide gates creak on their massy hinges. I see a half-starved, but valiant column of warriors pour out, and, sword in hand, charge the right of yon dark line.—Yes, it is Goolab Bhye and Maun Singh that lead.—Oh ! spread thy mantle, Night, around the fair and heroic Goolab Bhye—make her terrible as darkness to the guilty—to her foes ! Heard you not a death-groan ?—a warrior has fallen, pierced through his strong breast-plate by her searching spear ! Now peal from the left and rear the thundering blunderbusses of the armed Patans. Aghast, Gopal Singh looks behind, and sees the world in flames and arms. What are his matchlocks' puny crack, and whistling solitary ball, to ministers of destruction that carry forty gaping deaths in every loud-tongued breath astounding ? He achieves all that mortal man can achieve—he dies with 'Forward !'

\* Large crooked brazen trumpets.

† Great Indian drums.

in his throat, and 'Charge!' on his tongue. Slaughter wades in blood. The Joudpoor veterans, pressing round the body of their fallen chief, yield their souls, to a man, in defence of honour. All the young troops, and low caste auxiliaries, astonished, give way, and press upon one another, taking each friendly arm for that of an enemy. Whither can they fly? If to the front, proud walls and battlements spurn them thence with thundering salutes; if to the right, Maun Singh and Goolab Bhye drive them on the mountain's unscaleable cliffs: death and terror menace them on the left and rear.—O! horrible! O! horrible! they have forced their way over the reeking dead, to the embankment of the lake.—Splash! crash! splash! I hear the fearful waves open to receive their tumbling carcasses, heaved onward by the mass behind. Like ants, the dead form a bridge for the living, till all, struggling, sink in gurgling convulsive gasps!

"Morning, lovely morning wakes, silent, rosy and beautiful, as though no frightful vision had hovered over her pillow. O that it were a dream!

Then would the wives and daughters of Rajpootana forget its frightful image of reality. They will ask, where are our husbands? our fathers? our children? our brothers?

‘ Welcomed to the heavenly camp,  
Sealed with the immortal stamp.’

But where is Goolab Bhye? In her palace amongst her maids of honour, behind yon silken purdah,\* returning Akul Mahomed Khan the thanks of a princess for the actions of a hero.”

Thus, gentle reader, the bard closed his account of the discomfiture of the besieging army; and, before I proceed with my narrative, it may be necessary and interesting to illustrate one or two subjects in the above descriptive flight.

The poet, with great delicacy, makes Goolab Bhye retire, after the battle, to her palace, where she is represented as conversing with the Afghan Chief from behind a purdah, or curtain. It does not appear that Hindoo ladies, in ancient times, were in the habit of concealing their persons. This custom is believed to have been introduced after the Mahomedan invasion, and adopted by

\* Screen.

the Hindoos from the Mussulmans, as a means of securing their wives and daughters from the insulting familiarity of licentious conquerors. In such parts of India as have never been much under the Mogul dominion, the ladies of rank take a very active part in public affairs. Generally, however, the Hindoo ladies, when they hold communion with strangers, sit behind a curtain, where they can see and hear, without being seen. The propriety, therefore, of placing Goolab Bhye behind the purdah, while she thanked Lord Akul for the great services he had rendered her, is obvious.

With equal consistency and attention to native manners, the princess is represented, in her great exigency, as leading her troops into battle ; and I shall endeavour to show, by a brief reference to historical facts, that such may have been the case. The Mahrattas have assumed the manners and privileges of the Rajpoots ; and their very name, compounded of *Maha* and *Rajpoot*, has been adduced as a proof that they were originally a higher branch of the Khatri-caste than the Raj-

poots; *maha* signifying *great*.\* Be this as it may, the Mahratta ladies have in modern times displayed an energy and an activity worthy of remark, and illustrative of my text; supporting the bard triumphantly in his tradition that Goolab Bhye headed her own army, and used the spear.

Sir John Malcolm, in his conference with Bheema Bhye, the daughter of Jeswunt Row Holkar, in 1819, describes that young princess as expatiating with great eloquence on the duties of her station, when the interests of her family and nation were at stake. "It was," she said, "an obligation for a princess, in extreme cases (where she had neither husband nor son) to lead her troops in person to battle." This young lady rode with grace, and few excelled her in the management of the spear.†

The history of Alia Bhye, the widow of Holkar, is a bright proof of the combined talent, virtue, and energy which may be exhibited in the

\* Rajpoot is derived from the Sanscrit words *raga puttra*, or the son of a *raja*, and means of the royal race.

† Vide Memoir of Central India, vol. ii, p. 121.

person of a female in India. This lady sat every day, for a considerable period, in open durbar or court, administering justice, and transacting business. From the age of thirty to that of sixty, or from 1765 to 1795, her labour was unremitting for the benefit of mankind. She used to say, that she deemed herself answerable to God for every exercise of power; and, in the full spirit of a pious and benevolent mind, was wont to exclaim, when urged by her ministers to acts of extreme severity, "Let us mortals beware how we destroy the works of the Almighty."\*

From Cape Comorin to the Himalaya mountains, and from Jaggernaut to Dwarka, which may be said to be the cardinal extremities of India, may be seen the charitable works of Alia Bhye, and her praises may be heard from the lips of all ranks and classes of men. I shall close this brief reference to history, in support of my representation of female manners in India, so contrary to what they are commonly delineated, by an extract of an interesting nature to my

\* Vide Memoir of Central India, vol. i. p. 177.



fair countrywomen, illustrative of female habits and feelings in the East.\*

Muchta Bhye, the only daughter and remaining child of Alia Bhye, upon the death of her husband, immediately declared her resolution to burn with his corpse. "No efforts (short of coercion) that a mother and a sovereign could use, were untried by the virtuous Alia Bhye to dissuade her daughter from the fatal resolution. She humbled herself to the dust before her, and entreated her, as she revered God, not to leave her desolate and alone upon earth. Muchta Bhye, although affectionate, was calm and resolved.

" 'You are old, mother,' she said, 'and a few years will end your pious life. My only child and husband are gone, and when you follow, life, I feel, will be insupportable; but the opportunity of terminating it with honour will then have passed.'

"Alia Bhye, when she found all dissuasion unavailing, determined to witness the last dreadful scene. She walked in the procession, and stood

\* Vide Memoir of Central India, vol. i, p. 199.

near the pile, where she was supported by two Brahmans, who held her arms. Although obviously suffering great agony of mind, she remained tolerably firm till the first blaze of the flame made her lose all self-command; and, while her shrieks increased the noise made by the exulting shouts of the immense multitude that stood around, she was seen to gnaw in anguish those hands she could not liberate from the persons by whom she was held. After some convulsive efforts, she so far recovered as to join in the ceremony of bathing in the Nerbudda, when the body was consumed. She then retired to her palace, where for three days, having taken hardly any sustenance, she remained so absorbed in grief, that she never uttered a word. When recovered from this state, she seemed to find consolation in building a beautiful monument to the memory of those she lamented."

After describing the discomfiture and destruction of the Joudpoor army, the minstrel went on to paint the situation of Goolab Bhye's affairs. Her betrothed husband was a prisoner in his own capital, which was now in possession of her inveterate foe, Jugguth Singh. A charge of illegitimacy

had been preferred against him, and established as far as apparent proof could substantiate falsehood. It was necessary, therefore, not only to recapture the strong fortress of Jeypoor, but to disabuse the respectable families whose credulity had been loaded with the monstrous fabrication respecting his alleged dishonour. Akul Mahomed Khan was not slow in devising a plan for accomplishing the one object ; while Maun Singh, who had escaped unhurt from the attack, was equally prompt in suggesting a mode for effecting the other.

Jugguth Singh was notorious for his admiration of beauty. He had, in several instances, acted the part of King David to Uriah. The lovely daughters of Circassia were purchased at the price of diamonds as large and brilliant as their eyes, for his insatiable pleasure ; and it was well known that the Brinjarries and Gwarriahts, who trade in beautiful female slaves, often came to him, with their merchandize in covered carriages, and palankeens, as to the best market. Akul Mahomed, therefore, selected some of his bravest Afghans, and, arming them in the most effective manner, directed him-

self and them to be carried, closely muffled, in the eastern manner, as ladies, by a strong body of Rajpoots, disguised as Brinjarries and Gwarriahs, into the fort of Jeypoor, and even to the palace in which Jugguth Singh was enjoying himself in fancied prosperity and imagined security. So expeditious was the execution of this well-devised stratagem, and such precautionary measures were adopted, that not a surmise had reached Jeypoor of the destruction of Gopal Singh and the besieging army, before the disguised Afghans, followed by a strong detachment of troops, had reached the vicinity of their destination. In short, the close palankeens were passed, as a matter of course, with the greatest courtesy, and a smirking laugh, by the guards at the gates, without any stop, hindrance, or examination. What followed was thus briefly and forcibly portrayed by the bard in the patch-work cloak, flowing beard, and conical cap.

“Jugguth Singh and his brave Rajpoots have dined like warriors on strengthening venison, delicate kid, and the various preparations of rice,

with many a rich sweetmeat\* and luscious fruit: The cool sherbet circles, the laughing liquors are quaffed, and the kusoombah† is poured into the washed palm of the goblet-formed hand. Seated on silken carpets, the dancing girls are now called for; and two hundred female slaves, all young and beautiful as celestial daughters, glittering in jewels, and resplendent in gold and silver muslins, accompanied by aged minstrels and musicians, enter the spacious hall, and, in mazy dance and animated gesture, display their fairy forms. O music! thou art the food of love! Who can see yon witching girls, with silver-belled feet, and cymballed hands, and bodies all motion, beat time in endless variety, and dart quick and burning glances from painted orbs more liquid than the soft gazelle's—

‘ And look and laugh, and blush with quick surprise,  
Their lips all mirth, all ecstasy their eyes ! ’

without feeling the boiling blood of passion burst from the heart? The beard of Jugguth Singh

\*— Confectionary.      † Liquid opium.

rises with the flood of inflammation; his voice is a sigh; he is all rapture—when lo! he hears his guards in the portal shout ‘Treason!’ murder!’ Swords clash—brands gleam—trumpets sound—drums beat. The roar of battle is heard within the palace-walls. Peal follows peal of thunder from Akul’s forty-balled blunderbusses. The female slaves press each other to death in struggles to gain the doors. Minstrels, musicians, and dancing girls lie in one promiscuous heap, gasping for breath, and torturing each other for life. Jugguth Singh and his warrior friends are at length seen rising from the mass, and standing on the throng of dead and dying. Jugguth’s turban is off: he has lost it in rushing through the press. His sabre flashes back from his hand the gleam of many a lamp and wax-light. I see Akul at the door. Jugguth’s arm arrests his passage: his bald head meets the force of Mahomed’s battle-axe, and he stands grim and horrible, cloven to the belt! His upraised arm falls; his cleft head drops on the spine; but, wedged by his followers, he remains their leading chief, till all sink around him into eternal forgetfulness. Hark! the Patans

scale the walls ! Jeypoor is their's. Yon shout is the wild artillery of victory, and junction with their chief."

Thus, reader, by another bold and successful exploit, the city of Jeypoor was recaptured, and Dhokul Singh restored from a dungeon to a principality. He was conducted to Odeypoor in great state amidst a long procession of richly caparisoned elephants, bearing flags, golden howdahs, tom-toms, tooterics, and musicians, and surrounded by a vast force of horse and foot. Here his legitimacy was established to the satisfaction of all, and the stain cast upon his honour and the purity of his race wiped away, in conformity to Rajpoot manners and customs. Of these manners and customs a brief description may be interesting.

A durbar, or full court of all the Rajpoot princes and chiefs, was called at the suggestion of Maun Singh ; young Maha Rana of Odeypoor, who was yet quite a boy, being seated on a throne. A speech was then addressed to the assembly, in which the manner of suborning testimony to prove the alleged illegitimacy of the Jeypoor Prince was exposed and reprobated ; and it was stated that

so full a conviction did Bulwant Singh, who was the oldest and most respected branch of the Odeypoor family, feel respecting the honour and purity of Dhokul Singh, that he was ready to let him eat out of the same dish, and at the same time, with himself and his twelve sons. A murmur of applause and satisfaction immediately circled through the crowd. Some liquid opium was then placed before the Maha Rana: the first in rank advanced, and, pouring some of this kusoombah into the royal ~~pan~~, drank it. He then washed his own hands; and after the next had poured some of the liquor into his right palm, made like a cup by means of the thumb to receive it, he also drank; and thus followed every chief till they had all pledged themselves, by this solemn oath of drinking out of each other's hands, that ~~they~~ would abide by Bulwant Singh's decision.

I need scarcely add, that the ceremony of eating together was duly witnessed and attested; and that the charming Goolab Bhye and Dhokul Singh were left in the full enjoyment of indescribable felicity. Akul Mahomed Khan and his brave



troops were rewarded in the most princely manner ; and the silver veil was hung up in Akul's hall, where the bard with patch-work cloak, flowing beard, and conical cap, described it as remaining to the present day.

I have not been able to ascertain whether the foregoing tale be a piece of real history or not. The records of the Rajpoots are but imperfectly before the public; but in the late able Memoir of Sir John Malcolm's,\* the pathetic and melancholy account of the Princess Kishen Kowur reminds us of the minstrel's legend.

This beautiful young lady was one of the Odeypoor family, for whose hand a long and bloody war had been waged by numerous rivals. At length it only remained to be decided whether the fortune of war would bestow the charming prize on the Jeypoor or Joudpoor prince; and a reconciliation between these Rajas being an object much desired by several chiefs, it was brought about by intrigue, that Kishen Kowur should be sacrificed to propitiate a family marriage between the Jeypoor and Joud-

poor princes. She was accordingly poisoned: her aunt, Chand Bhye, presented the chalice, and urged her to commit suicide, "to save her father, family, and tribe, from the struggles and miseries to which her high birth and evil destiny exposed them. The appeal was not in vain: she drank three poisoned cups, and before she took the last, which proved instantly fatal, she exclaimed, 'This is the marriage to which I was foredoomed.'

"All were acquainted with what was passing in the palace; and the extraordinary beauty and youth of the victim excited a feeling, which was general in a degree that is rare among the inhabitants of India. This account is written," says Sir John, "from the report of several persons who were on the spot, and they agree in stating that the particulars of Kishen Kowur's death were not sooner spread through the town of Odeypoor than loud lamentations burst from every quarter, and expressions of pity at her fate were mingled with execrations on the weakness and cowardice of those who could purchase safety on such terms. In a short period after this tragical event, the public feeling was again excited by the death of the mo-

ther of the princess, who never recovered the shock she received at the first intelligence of the fate of her beautiful and cherished daughter. If it is to the disgrace of the nobility of Odeypoor that one of them (Adjeit Singh, whose intrigues brought her death about) proved base, the character of this proud race was redeemed by the conduct of Sugwan Singh, chief of Karradur, who, the moment he heard of the proceedings in the palace, hastened from his residence to Odeypoor, and, dismounting ~~from~~ a breathless horse, went unceremoniously into the presence of his prince, whom he found seated with several of his ministers in apparent affliction.

“‘ Is the princess dead or alive ?’ was his impatient interrogation : to which, after a short pause, Adjeit Singh replied by entreating him ‘ not to disturb the grief of a father for a lost child.’ The old chief immediately unbuckled his sword, which, with his shield, he laid at the feet of the Maha Rana, saying, in a calm but resolute tone :

“‘ My ancestors have served your’s for more than thirty generations, and to you I cannot utter what I feel ; but these arms shall never more be

used in your service. As to you, villain !' he exclaimed, turning to Adjeit Singh, 'who have brought this ignominy upon the Rajpoot name, may the curse of a father light upon you ! May you die childless !'

" He retired from the assembly, leaving, according to the account of those that were present, an impression of awe and horror in the minds of all who heard him. Sugwan Singh lived for eight years after this occurrence ; but, though he continued in his allegiance, he never could be prevailed upon to resume his arms. The last child of Adjeit Singh died a short time ago, and the event was deemed, by the superstitious Rajpoots, a fulfilment of the curse that had been pronounced upon him. He maintained his influence over the mind of his weak prince till very lately, when he was disgraced, to the joy of the inhabitants of Odeypoor, who continued to consider him as the chief cause of the self-murder of their regretted princess."

Thus I have thrown all the light in my power on the story of the Silver Veil. If I have been successful in amusing the reader, and in directing his attention to interesting topics, my object is

fully attained in receiving his thanks. Indeed, I require the cheering promise of hope to animate my labour; for here I sit cold, alone, and dejected. Midnight has told her tale; my fire has burnt out; the rain patters against my windows, and the wind whistles his winter-pipe sullenly around my dwelling. The dogs have barked an alarm—I start—lay down my pen—take it up again to say—“O view my solitary labour, and the chance that it may be in vain, and feel for your author!” Yet, in bidding good night! I say—

“ Oh! could my mind, unfolded in my page,  
Enlighten climes and mould a future age;  
To virtue wake the pulses of the heart,  
And bid the tear of emulation start;  
Blest were my lines, though limited their sphere,  
Though short their date, as his who trac'd them here.”

ROGERS.

## Nº. XII.

## IDLENESS AND INDUSTRY.

“ ‘ A little more sleep and a little more slumber,’  
 Thus he wastes all his days and his hours without number ;  
 And when he gets up he sits folding his hands,  
 Or walks about saunt’ring, or trifling he stands.”

WATTS.

THERE are, in every one’s neighbourhood, and within the sphere of every man’s eye, characters from whose words and actions useful instruction may be drawn. I have always made it my business, in changing my place of residence, to look about for subjects worthy of being sketched ; and the following representations are drawn from life, if not by a masterly at least by a faithful hand.

Paddy —, one of my labourers, attracted attention by his wretched appearance. He was a thin muscular old man, with indications of former

strength and activity. His beard was neglected, black, and dirty; his look was haggard; an ashy hue diffused itself over his emaciated projecting cheeks. The fire of his retiring eyes was quenched, and their stare met my gaze like the vacant glassy orbs of a wax-work image of man. His black filthy hair hung over his ears in a bushy form; and when he took off his old torn hat, on my addressing him, I saw that he was bald to the crown. I know not how to describe his dress. He wore what had once been a black coat, but it was now in rags. It had not been patched or mended: it was knotted in several places where it had given way; in others it was tied with string; and it hung on his back so as to display through its various rents a coarse and dirty shirt. His brogues were such as to admit wet at every step he took; and his feet were without stockings, some remains of that part of attire which he had on having been quite worn away from the ankle downwards. He had a band of tow round his old hat; and his ragged coat was fastened at his breast with a peg instead of a button. In short, I had not seen such a picture of negligence and

apparent wretchedness in his industrious class of life; and I inquired into his circumstances. His brief history and character may be thus portrayed:—

Poor Paddy is the son of an honest man, who brought up a large family on four acres of land. Five of Paddy's brothers live in the neighbourhood; but they have each a spot of ground, and exhibit no such want as he does. When Paddy married, which love, the soul of an Irishman, led him to do at an early age, his father built a cabin for him, and gave him a good potatoe-garden. Here he has lived ever since. At present he has eleven children, several of whom are now men and women. Their cabin consists of only a kitchen and one other room. How they huddle together in it is to me wonderful. Of all the Irish cabins I have seen, Paddy's, I believe, is the worst. It is built of loose stone, the clay that originally cemented it having been washed out of the walls by the rain. It has only a hole in the roof as a chimney; no fire-place but a couple of stones under the aperture for smoke, upon which the pot rests to boil. The inside is black with soot. Two



windows which it originally had are shut up with stones. The door is broken. Just before it is the dunghill, where all the filth is thrown out. The roof has not been thatched or repaired for many a year; it admits the rain in various places, and a trench has been dug inside the cabin to carry off the water. My sketch is not exaggerated, yet I should scarcely have believed such an account had I not seen the reality. And what, said I to myself, can be the cause of all this wretchedness? It was indolence. The old man possessed not energy enough to force his children to be busy; and they were all suffering under the scourge of sloth, whose lashes its victims appear not to feel acutely, but waste away under chronic disease, without an effort for preservation, although well aware of their necessities.

“Why do you not repair your house, Paddy?” said I.—“Och! I can’t, your honour,” answered he. “Why do you not make your boys gather potatoe-stalks in my field (I had offered them to him before) to keep the rain out of your cabin?” asked I.—“Och! they won’t, master,” replied he.

It would be uninteresting to go on with poor Paddy's insipid replies. His wife and his children had all fallen into the most inveterate habits of laziness. The old woman sat in the corner smoking instead of spinning, or mending her husband's clothes; and her daughters were suffered to gad about staring at strangers. They soon learned to be fond of gaudy-coloured dresses, which stimulated them to partial starts of industry; but as their object was of a selfish nature, the old father received no benefit from their spinning. With love of finery they became vain and frivolous; and, I am informed, such was the folly of their character, that although Paddy owned nothing in the shape of clothes, besides the dress I have described, and an old great coat, they would, before strangers, ask him, "Why, father, do you not put on a better coat at your work?" As for the boys, their delight was to lie at full stretch in the sun. There was only one spade in the family, which Paddy was willing to use whenever he could get work; but, instead of helping him, these heartless idlers would see him, after his work, go to the bog for sods to burn, and often to Newry for pota-

toes to eat. I have heard him say to one of them, "Jemmy, dear, do now get up, and go for a creel of sods." The graceless reply was, "Och ! father, do now go for them yourself." Paddy, instead of obeying Solomon's excellent rule, laughed at what should have pierced his heart with grief. When I attempted, enraged at the demoralizing scene, to do what his father should have done, the young dog ran off like a hare ; and the old man, shaking his head with satisfaction, asked, "Has he not a pair of good legs, your honour?"

I have given almost as many touches to this gloomy sketch as are necessary to my purpose. Such is the perversity of Paddy's disposition, that he prides himself on keeping all his children at home, and says, "Och ! servants are never thought any thing of." He is, moreover, of opinion that he should be rewarded by government for rearing such a fine family of stout boys, although his eldest son has deserted once from his majesty's service, having enlisted in consequence of the seduction of a neighbour's daughter, which, it is much feared, will be the unhappy case of all his own flaunting girls.

Paddy is one of those unhappy men who have susceptibility without energy or talent. He feels his misery, but murmurs and suffers. Unlike the crow in the fable, that saw water in a pitcher, and devised an ingenious mode of getting at it, by throwing in small stones till the fluid rose to the top, he would die of want before his brain would assist him with useful invention. Yet his head is tolerably well formed. He has a small female-like eye, brows covered with thinly scattered grey hair; his forehead declines from a perpendicular, and his organs of reflection seem not well developed; but his cranium has a fine arch; and, with the exception of the forehead, it indicates full mental powers and strong passions.

I shall now turn from poor Paddy to another subject of an opposite character.

Ned — is about as old as Paddy. His father was a day-labourer; but he left his children an estate by giving them habits of great industry. Ned was kept out at respectable service for several years; and he had an opportunity of seeing the different operations of agriculture on an extensive scale, and profited by his observation. When

about six-and-twenty winters old, he chose a wife. His choice was a happy one: like himself, his partner was full of industry; the best spinster in the country was not her equal; and, though she soon gave Ned a house full of children, she taught her girls the mystery of the wheel as fast as they could turn it, and money came in every market-day. Ned, at last, found himself too warm as a cottier: he had an excellent character; and he gained the preference as tenant for four acres of land in my neighbourhood, where he has resided about nine years.

Steady industry is generally rewarded by its own exertion. Ned is now in comfortable and comparatively wealthy circumstances. He has a substantial house, consisting of a kitchen and two large rooms, with a range of outhouses adjoining for his cattle. His land has increased; and his stock now consists of five cows and a horse, with several pigs. You see the character of the man in every thing about him: neatness is combined with comfort; his garden is well supplied with vegetable store, and free from weeds. About his house there is an air of snugness; it is well washed

and whitened, and has a healthy and thriving aspect ; his wife and children are in homely, but warm and decent garb ; and, in his own appearance, he displays care and respectability.

Although Ned was well able to provide work for all his children at home, he sent some of them out, as he had been himself, to good service ; considering it a useful trial of their obedience and integrity. They all seem to be actuated by one spirit, and to consider the interest of their parents as their own. It is a pleasure to witness their affectionate attention to the old man. He received a paralytic stroke about a year ago, which deprived him of the use of his left side ; since which time he has not been able to do more than superintend the labours of his family. "Ah !" thought I, when I beheld the tender care of his daughters and sons, and saw how anxious they were to please him, "here is the reward of training up a child in the path he should go." I have often dropped in, and seen the old couple (who cannot read) listening with great attention to a chapter of the Testament, read by one of the boys or girls ; for the young ones, since the spread of the Lancas-

terian system, have all been sent to school ; while Paddy's children were permitted to run about at pleasure.

Ned's conversation is that of a strong unlettered mind ; he has collected much practical wisdom from accurate observations on men, animated nature, and things. He is of middle stature, strongly formed ; his face is a serious thoughtful one ; he has a heavy brow, and a clear, high intellectual front.

Thus I have instanced the progress of idleness and industry in two living characters. In practical effects, the one debilitates the human soul ; the other rouses the latent energies of our nature. Idleness generates poverty, under whose influence man becomes worse than barbarous ; he is demoralized ; his faculties grow torpid ; and at length, sunk in sin and sorrow, he is dead to duty, and alive but in the sphere of sloth and misery. Industry, like idleness, has the power of self-creation ; it grows and strengthens by what produces it ; and our best properties are vivified and expanded by its progenitor—Necessity ; which, cheered by hope, rouses exertion, stimulates per-

severance, and embellishes the useful member of society with all his virtues.

Should the reader belong to a rank in society, where wealth secures him from the operation of necessity, by all means I would urge him to substitute ambition, or some other powerful motive, as a stimulant. It is melancholy to see many around us, passing down the stream of time, as though they had no concern with life, but in the promotion of little selfish ends, which neither benefit fellow-men, nor raise a monument of their being, when no more seen on earth. Is there a human soul that does not pant for immortality? The humble writer of these sketches feels his hope warm at an idea so pregnant with fire. His writings evidence his perseverance; and he wishes not his aspiration to be concealed, that, when he shall have passed that "bourne whence no traveller returns," these sketches may survive in their utility, and tell the industrious of a brother numbered with the happy dead.





N<sup>o</sup>. XIII.

## THE VOW.

" The hour arrives, the moment wish'd and fear'd ;  
 The child is born, by many a pang endear'd.  
 And now the mother's ear has caught his cry ;  
 Oh, grant the cherub to her asking eye !  
 He comes ; she clasps him. To her bosom press'd,  
 He drinks the balm of life and drops to rest."

Roses.

SUCH tales as that of " THE SILVER VEIL,"  
 related in Nos. X. and XI., when I heard them  
 in India, always afforded me so much pleasure,  
 that I calculate, perhaps erroneously, on the im-  
 pression the reader may receive from the follow-  
 ing effort of my memory to prolong his entertain-  
 ment. To judge of others by ourselves, in mat-  
 ters of instinct and reason, may be a proper mode ;  
 but, in the world of taste, I question whether the  
 rule holds good. The man of fancy and the man  
 of mere understanding will agree, without hesita-

tion, to demonstrative or mathematical results ; but no two beings in existence would form a more different opinion respecting the merits of a romance.

However, trusting to the reader's liberal disposition to regard the different dishes of which my banquet consists, with a friendly glance, I venture to give "*The Vow*," a popular Oriental tale, founded on an event universally believed in Hindostan Proper. As in "*The Veil*," I shall occasionally drop the strain of my minstrel for my own plain narrative style, and take it up again when I can do so with effect.

"Lara, the once lovely Lara, is withered by time, the destroyer of all but himself. Those lips, once like parted twin rose-buds, are now to be compared to a double sear-leaf. Lara, the aged Lara, sees death, grim and terrible, before her, ready to strike the long-protracted blow. Hope flies backward as the tyrant-arm draws nigh. O ! hear with what emotion she invokes the name of Um-moon, her gallant son. See how the messengers, in quick succession, gallop from the palace, to hurry Um-moon to the presence of his mother ! Oh God ! Oh God ! my God !' she cries in

anguish, 'spare me but till he comes, that I may breathe into his ear, with my dying sigh, My Vow. There, at length, he is. I see him leap from his foam-covered steed !' Now his mother hangs upon his neck. The secret is told. Where are young Ummoon's sinews ? He, who has proudly sustained the weight of tottering battles; now staggers under the load of his wasted mother. See how he hangs over her silken bed, with wildness in his eye, and expectation in his gesture; but Lara will never more open the earthly portals of her once silver voice. Her spirit has mingled with invisibility. The funeral pile ascends in smoke and blaze: all that was Lara, except yon urn of ashes, now is air.

"Oh for a pencil dipped in madness to paint young Ummoon's anguish ! What has crazed his brain ? His is not the calmness of natural sorrow for worn-out humanity. See with what strides space is passed, as though oblivion were found in furious motion ! Now, exhausted, he pants; and hark ! in wild accents he thus moans :—

" 'Shew me the leap ! Were it deep as hell

from heaven, and wide as ocean's walls,\* my bound would clear it. Destruction cannot touch me. I live out of myself. I exist but in my Luxma! She is my life! my light! my soul! I cannot cease to be while she is. Oh mother! mother! mother! what hast thou done? But thy chained soul shall be set free. I see thee beckon the way that I must go. On! on! on! I follow to my fate!"

Then the bard describes the unfortunate Um-moon as renewing his furious strides; as grasping at the shadow of his imagination; and as leaping wildly to clear a horrible gulf that he saw imaged from an air-drawn precipice. After this the cause of his insanity is explained. I conceive that I can best convey the substance of the minstrel's rhapsody by reducing it into the form of a plain story.

Lara was the daughter of a Hindoo nobleman of renown, whose wealth was great; whose benevolence was unbounded. My original does not mention the latitude and longitude of his glitter-

\* The Hindoos believe that the sea is surrounded by walls.

ing palace; and as I consider these particulars immaterial, except unto shrivelled-up antiquaries and dry geographers, two species of the curious for whom I feel no profound admiration, I shall not refer to authorities, nor shall I obtrude my own surmises on the subject. At a tender age she was betrothed to a youth of her own rank in life. He was the only son of a lord, esteemed by high and low. As Lara and the young nobleman approached the years of maturity, their breasts were warmed by the chastest flames of pure love for each other. Nothing was ever seen in the East so gorgeously magnificent as the ceremony of their final marriage. The road along which the bridegroom had to conduct his blushing and beautiful lady, to the palace prepared for their residence, was covered with cloth of gold, and perfumed with utter of roses. Though it extended for many miles, galleries were erected along each side for the population of the country to sit and behold the procession; and over them, as well as to screen the road from the rays of the sun, were spread canopies of silk, fringed with glittering ornaments, which, viewed at such a

height from the ground, presented to the eye all the magic of diamonds, pearls, rubies, amethysts, &c. glowing with the superadded lustre which gold and silver lend to the most valuable gems. Bands of music, and innumerable sets of dancing-girls and jugglers, were stationed on platforms all along the way, to impart life and variety to the scene. Expectation was long held in excitement. At length the head of the cavalcade was seen, and every neck was stretched almost to dislocation, by intense curiosity. A long advanced-guard of cavalry, spearmen, and infantry, in time came slowly forward; then great numbers of camels in rich clothing, with flags, streamers, and instruments of music. The elephants followed, bearing gold and silver howdahs; and in the centre of them were the bride and bridegroom, seated on a low throne, in an indescribably grand carriage, shaped like a pagoda, and drawn by eight beautiful elephants. Lara's appearance must be left to imagination; for such was the brilliancy of her glow from jewels of inestimable value, that no eye could rest upon her or upon her lord. Like the sun, shrouded in their own

brightness, they dazzled, by overpowering splendour, the aching gaze of mortals. The rear-guard was composed in like manner as the advance; and—without entering into particulars—let imagination picture to itself all that art can accomplish in magnificence for an Indian wedding in high life, and an idea may be formed of the nuptials of this envied pair.

Let us, therefore, conceive Lara and her husband settled in the full enjoyment of connubial bliss; each a world to each; and existing only in reflected life. Such was the love that Lara created in her lord's bosom, that he was perfectly content with her alone, and derived all the enjoyment from her accomplished society which the custom and fashion of his country have characterized as belonging only to endless variety. Many, indeed, of his countrymen, who found the charms of several hundreds of ladies insufficient for their happiness, wondered; and, had ocular demonstration not convinced them of the fact, Lara's empire over her husband would have been deemed impossible. But there is no stability in earthly felicity;



and, two short years after marriage, the poet thus describes Lara:

“ Why are the tears trickling from Lara’s bright eyes, while she gazes from her garden bower on yon peasant’s wife, with her sweet laughing babe sipping life from her bosom? I hear her sigh; yes, I hear her exclaim—‘ Oh, fortunate daughter of poverty! would that I were as thou! My God! my God! hast thou forsaken me, that the curse of childlessness should visit my father’s daughter, and the darling of my mother?’ But see, her husband is approaching; she wipes her dew-bespangled aspect, and dresses her gay look in the smile of the rainbow; he presses Lara to his heart; he kisses her eyes, her cheeks, her forehead, and says: ‘ My love, my only joy, why do I trace care on thy brow? Can sorrow have nestled near thy heart? Oh, let me banish it for ever!’ But Lara drives suspicion from his breast, and with sweetly-touching tenderness, alleges the absence of him, her sun, her source of warmth and joy, as the only cause of the clouds which occasionally rest on her. Then all is rapture;

and hope, smiling in tears, paints the future in the loveliest hues of bliss."

Thus pass several years away without offspring. In India, the two greatest misfortunes that fate can inflict is, not to have a son, and to have an unmarried daughter. The grief of Lara's lord may, therefore, be conceived. In short, it began visibly to impair his health, and to embitter the happiness of his existence. His efforts to suppress his growing sorrow, and to cheer his beloved wife, who was evidently sinking under secret grief, made him wretched, because it deprived him of sympathy; and to wear the face of gladness, when the heart is tortured, is dreadful. As to poor Lara, she beheld all her bright visions of hope fade into nothingness. Indeed, the poet described the contrast of her situation in language almost as beautiful, and to the same effect, as the fine lines of Gray:

"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,  
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm,  
In gilded trim the gallant vessel goes,  
Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm,  
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,  
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects its ev'ning prey."

When the gay Lara was married, and conducted by her fond husband to his home, she was like the gilded gallant vessel ; now, torn by anguish and disappointment, she resembled the shattered bark, floating down life's tide at the mercy of passion's current. But her feelings will be best pourtrayed by my attempt to translate a little song which she is described as singing in her garden bower, when she supposed herself unobserved, and accompanying the words with her Indian guitar, of which she was a perfect mistress.

## SONG.

## MY LIGHT OF LIFE:

My light of life ! sweet Hope ! oh, why  
Hast thou forsaken me ?  
The jewel dearest to my eye,  
Bright smiling infancy,  
Press'd to my mother-heart, oh, let me see !

Then come, despair, and ev'ry ill,  
That all the elements distil,  
I reckon not your behest ;  
Steep me in bitterness of woe—  
Let Lara fullest anguish know—  
But let Ummoon be blest.

Oh, trust me, love, I do not blame  
Thy grief for an extinguish'd name.

The tear thou hid'st my mind beholds ;  
Affection all the soul unfolds !  
And such wild fondness tortures me.  
I'd life resign to give thy wish to thee ;  
For trust me, love, I do not blame  
Thy grief for an extinguish'd name.

Ummoon is represented as overhearing this melancholy effusion of sorrow ; entering, kissing his lady, and taking the instrument, and thus accompanying it in reply :

## SONG.

You blame, angelic girl, you say,  
The secret wish that thrills my breast ;  
How could my heart, all thine, display  
One feeling hostile to thy rest ?

Oh ! blame me, if in word or deed,  
I ever prove to thee unkind ;  
Oh ! blame me when I do not speed  
To kiss the tear-drop from thy mind ;

For in the mirror of thine eye,  
I see reflected ev'ry grief  
Oh ! blame then not my anxious sigh ;  
I sigh to give my heart relief.

Thou art my life, my light, my soul,  
My all in all, the world to me ;  
Oh ! blame me when I can control  
The sympathy of love for thee.

In absence, like a sever'd shoot,  
I feel a bleeding, with'ring death ;  
I pine and die from thee, my roet,  
My nourishment, my strength, my breath.

But be all joy, all ecstasy,  
And I shall never more complain ;  
Whate'er thou would'st that I should be,  
Thy wish the secret wish shall gain.

Since heav'n decrees that Ummoon's line  
Shall with his vital breath expire,  
To all eternity be mine,  
And full shall be the cup of my desire.

Alas ! the sentimental rhapsodies of love are often theories of nature, unsubstantial in practical experience. " Lips, though blooming, must still be fed ;" and the general wish of the society to which we belong, rendered deeply permanent, mixed up with our very form of thought by reiterated precept, will turn upon us like lurking conscience, take us by surprise, and drag the villain secrets of our bosoms into the world of publicity. Thus it was with Ummoon ; he never could satisfy his pining wife that his heart felt what his tongue freely expressed. Somewhat of disquiet continually baffled his endeavour, and mutual unhap-

piness constituted the body of the lives of this affectionate pair.

There are in India several temples to which pilgrimages are made, for the purpose of propitiating the goddess of fruitfulness. These sacred fanes, called *lingums*, Lara had visited, and measured the distance, in one or two instances, unknown to her husband; with her soft and delicate body: she had expended large sums of money in paying brahmanis and impostors, who deluded her with vain promises; and at length, in a fit of despair, she made a vow to Onkur Mundattah, that, if he would bestow upon her a son, she would devote him, at the age of maturity, as a voluntary sacrifice, in gratitude for this special mark of favour from the sanguinary deity.

Onkur Mundattah is a celebrated sacred precipice in Hindostan Proper, near the river Nerbudda. It has from time immemorial been famous for the miracles produced by vows of self-devotion; and for the numbers of voluntary victims which annually crowd to it, and, under terrific ceremonies, the recital of which cause our flesh to creep, cast themselves over its parapet to be

dashed to atoms on rocks at the depth of one hundred and twenty feet. There are several mountains of this description in India, at which suicide is even yet too frequent. The victim, after he devotes himself, is not allowed to decline; for should he, upon approaching the top, evince any reluctance, he is pushed over by armed brahmans: to render his death easy and certain, poison is mixed with the last food he eats. However, there are, I believe, more romantic stories about Onkur Mundattah than any of the other horrible places of such superstitious murders.

Lara having taken this vow, and submitted to all the forms and expenses prescribed by her gooru, or confessing priest, was at last gratified by finding her hope crowned with fruition. I need not attempt to describe the extravagant joy of the profusely-generous Ummoon. When his son was born, who was named after his father, the whole country participated in the parental joy, and the ceremony prescribed on such occasions was so grand as to be a matter for imagination rather than description. Lara concealed the vow she had made from her enraptured lord; and young

Ummoon grew up, enjoying all the delusions of hope, as though no sinister fate had hung over his devoted head.

It is by no means customary in all the castes, or tribes of Hindoos, to perform suttee : that is, for wives to burn themselves on the death of their husbands. In many places the custom of depriving children of both parents who have had the misfortune to lose one, is regarded with abhorrence. Lara belonged to a sect of this mode of thinking ; and when her beloved Ummoon, at an advanced age, paid the debt of nature, she lived to weep over his remains with all the bitterness of grief. Time at length cast a veil over her loss, and enabled her to dwell upon its remembrance with composure. Sometimes, indeed, she almost rejoiced, for it seemed to be the will of heaven that she should remain to see her vow performed without inflicting pain on the affections of a doating father, who could not be supposed to view the self-devotion of his son to the cruel Onkur Munnattah, without emotion bordering on frenzy.

In the meantime young Ummoon had advanced through the stage of childhood, which the min-



strel described, without forgetting such beautiful pictures as, "The tear forgot as soon as shed;" or the still more classical expression of the same natural thought, by Sir Walter Scott, in *Rokeby*:

"The tear down childhood's cheek that flows,  
Is like the dew-drop on the rose;  
When next the summer-breeze comes by  
And shakes the bush, the flower is dry."

The charms of childhood, however, exist more in poetry than in reality: memory gilds with the glitter of smiling pleasure what was once deformed by the corrosive drop of pain; and we look back from a state of suffering to a stage of thoughtlessness, unmindful that when in it we were unhappy.

Young Ummoon perhaps had as small a share of childhood's alternations of sorrow and joy, as falls to the lot of human beings. At a very tender age he was betrothed to a most beautiful and promising child, called Luxma, of whom, as they grew up together, he became as much enamoured as ever his worthy father had been of Lara. His temper was of a tenor so even, that his life's course resembled that of a fine river,

subject neither to overflow its banks, nor to be dried up by the heat of summer. He was all that Denham has described the Thames, and "gentle, yet not dull." Indeed I am convinced that our dispositions, as well as our constitutional qualities, are hereditary; and that when once a happy turn of mind is generated, it reproduces itself as certainly as the king's evil, the gout, and other terrible inflections which may be legacied to offspring, as a counterpoise to the gifts of fortune.

This Ummoon had no such deduction from his felicity as the other. His lady loved him with all the fervency of the female soul; and they were blessed with a numerous family, all miniatures exceeding each other like six steps of a beautiful staircase, at the period when their father is represented by the minstrel as receiving the fatal disclosure from his mother; a disclosure which produced the terrible change in his deportment I have endeavoured to describe. He was then about seven-and-twenty years old. Children are educated in India with such ideas of obedience to parents, that instances of undutiful conduct are very rare. A son will not sit in the presence of

his father without being desired ; and the parental authority does not cease with the maturity of the child, but continues as long as the parent's life. Every son considers himself bound to perform certain sacred rites to ensure the transmigration of the souls of his parents ; and all good Hindoos are ready and willing to sacrifice themselves, if it be the will of the authors of their being. The Grecian hero sacrificing his lovely daughter, who kisses his hand and implores him to strike ; and the meek Isaac asking his father, " where is the lamb ? " have been often, and are still acted in Hindostan. No result of education, however, can stifle the regret which man feels on being called to quit objects dearer than life, and to mingle with inhabitants of the grave.

When Ummoon heard his mother's secret, he had just sufficient reason left to keep it buried in his own breast ; to feign a long journey of indispensable necessity ; and to separate himself from his beloved Luxma and children, preparatory to his self-immolation at Onkur Mundattah, which is represented as several hundreds of miles from his place of residence. I shall not attempt to de-

scribe the manner in which he is portrayed as bidding adieu to his family; kissing his babe, and repeatedly coming back for another last embrace of his poor wife, whose agitation amounted to a thrilling surmise that somewhat of dreadful import had happened, and that again they should never meet in this world. Well, they parted in anguish, and the brain-racked Uminoon performed his journey to the precipice, where he conformed to all the prescribed ceremonies, and a day was appointed for the sacrifice. His evident insanity was no impediment, for nearly in every case of superstitious suicide, the victims deprive themselves of reason by an intensity of enthusiastic excitement. He was, therefore, arrayed in the fantastic costume of a heavenly devotee; shaved and bathed, painted and stamped, oiled and perfumed; and—amidst crowds of Brahmans, loud shouts of an assembled multitude, wild tones of shrill instruments, and loud roars of great drums and prodigious conches—drawn in a gilded car of state, by naked enthusiasts decorated in the most grotesque manner, towards the parapet of the

precipice ; flags flying, streamers glancing, rockets exploding, and a hundred thousand spectators observing and screaming from the rocks and spaces around. Near the horrible gulf, he is represented as alighting from the car of triumph, and, with all the madness which the minstrel before describes, panting towards the leap, and calling to his winged mother, whom, in his mind's eye, he saw before him. A body of naked and hideously painted gosains, or religious armed mendicants, with long two-edged swords, follow close behind, brandishing their weapons in all directions, and dancing to the music of loud clarionets and cymbals. Ummoon darts forward, and all eyes that have approached a station from which the gulf may be seen, behold him struggling and whirling in air ; till at length, become small as a crow by distance, he seems dashed to the ground and broken upon a rock. The crowd stationed at the bottom of the mountain are described like pigmies, running in shoals towards the spot, and raising and turning the formless little creature, which they enveloped,

and soon completely concealed from those above.

At this mountain, should any victim escape unhurt, it is imperative on the Brahmans, the people, and the government, to elevate him to the rank of a Raja, or King; wealth must pour upon him in an inexhaustible flow; during life his person is held sacred; and he is regarded to all eternity as superhuman and co-equal with divinity. The utmost anxiety was therefore evinced by the immense crowd that capped the mountain, to know the state of Ummoon, and to ascertain whether a miracle had saved him; but, such is the frightful nature of the precipice, and such a distance must be traversed before a pass to its foot can be found, that curiosity was not soon gratified.

Meanwhile Argoom, the faithful servant of Ummoon, seeing his master take the frightful leap, became wild with grief, ran in a state of madness at the rate of a hundred miles a day, till he returned to Luxma, and made her acquainted with the dreadful fate of her beloved lord.

Who can paint the anguish of her mind? Her long black hair is represented as floating over her shoulders—her beautiful eye as glazed and fixed in terrible unconsciousness of the external world—her tongue as still and motionless—her lips as moving in convulsive efforts to make known her feelings—her bosom as tumultuous as the ocean, heaving and throbbing with distraction—her whole air changed to a statue-like expression—and her bewitching features to a death-like hue and immovability. Her children and friends, in all the attitudes of inexpressible woe, are painted about her; but, as I feel it would require the pencil of the world's first poet to render justice to the scene, I shall pass it over in silence. The sequel is given as nearly as my poor conception can approach the ideas of the minstrel; but the oriental expression, and fanciful colouring of the piece, I venture not to touch.

“Whosits in yon triumphant car, drawn by ten thousand lords of creation? See the long cables by which they drag its massy tall fabric, and deem it an honour to touch the sacred rope! Look at

the Brahmins, how they hymn from its seven stories, and stand in its balconies ninety feet high, waving flags, and addressing the people, who appear as a sea of turbans, far as the eye can reach.

“It is young Ummoon. He is now a god, and a king. His winged mother was seen by the people at the foot of the mountain, supporting him in his fall; and the voices of angels were heard welcoming him to the soft carpet which they formed on the rock by expanding their silken bodies. Now he sits on a throne surrounded by his thakoors, or noblemen. He knows all that is, was, and shall be; and administers justice like Brahma. Whose angel-like lips, rosy and soft as love, stand open and ready, like sweet portals, to receive him when he retires into the bower of domestic bliss? It is his own—his ever young, his ever fresh—his ever gay Luxma! That is no statue which now extends its ivory arms and small warm fingers to encircle a husband, and press a loved lord to a beating fond heart.

“O children, honour your parents—obey their



voice, and hear their counsels !—Angels will bear you up, like young Ummoon in his fall, and prosperity will spread her garment over you. Love and glory shall be your reward.”

END OF VOL. I.











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